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The Shape of Things

THE OCCUPATION STATUTE FOR WEST Germany represents a severe defeat for the French, who were forced to accept a degree of centralized power far beyond anything they had agreed to during the conferences of the previous eighteen months. On the other hand, the statute is bitterly opposed by most of the west German leaders, who insist that the controls retained by the occupation powers will make impossible a restoration of German industrial strength. We can assume, however, that the agreement will stand and that the Germans will find a way to adapt themselves to it, for the proposed statute, as several British and American press comments have pointed out, is an essential link in the containment program initiated by the Truman Doctrine. In fact, the agreement would have been completed long ago had not French diplomacy, functioning always within the context of three German invasions, bent every effort to prevent a tight consolidation of the three western zones. Its fight was a losing one. Dependent on Marshall Plan aid and shaken internally by the Communist–anti-Communist feud, the government could not effectively oppose a plan for Germany which so obviously fits the whole strategy implied in the Atlantic Pact. France's anxiety and its sense of the inevitable were both reflected in the words of *Le Monde* on April 6: "The rearmament of Germany is contained in the Atlantic Pact like the nucleus in the egg." Whether or not this extreme pessimism is justified, Americans must realize that the new statute, however distasteful to German leaders, harbors dangers which would be minimized only if Washington had thrown its support to the feeble democratic forces in Germany instead of backing reactionary and renovated Nazis. We need only scrutinize the records of the firms and individuals representing Germany in the industrial fair which opens this week in New York to understand the fears of the French.

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AFTER DEFEATING ATTEMPTS BY G. O. P. conservatives and isolationists to reduce the amount requested for the next fifteen months by the Economic Cooperation Administration, the Senate finally voted to authorize the full sum. The House of Representatives at this writing has not passed a similar resolution but probably will do so within a few days. Since there are certain to be minor differences in the bills, conferees from the two houses will have to meet and agree, and the compromise measure will have to be referred back to both for a final vote. But that is far from ending the matter. An authorization is not an appropriation; measures actually making the money available will then have to be introduced, reviewed by the appropriate committees, reported to the members, and passed. Last year the Marshall Plan almost foundered because Representative Taber declined to allow appropriation of money already authorized; it took sharp words from Senator Vandenberg and an upheaval of public opinion to blast the measure loose. This year many Senators said they voted for the authorization only because they expected to have an opportunity to make cuts in the appropriation. All this is American democracy at its familiar pursuits; what lends poignancy to the story is that the previous year's appropriation expired on April 3, and now the world must wait while Congress bumbles along its ponderous way. Didn't we hear something about Congress having reformed itself? It might without loss of any essential values, we should think, supply a better object lesson of the virtues of the democracy about which it utters so many laudatory words.

*

EVERYBODY WHO DOES NOT GROW HIS OWN food ought to spend all his spare time urging Congress to enact Secretary Brannan's proposed new agricultural program, since it means that all the food grown would be allowed to reach consumers at market prices, without government support, storage of "surpluses," or deliberate destruction. Even milk at 15 cents a quart is mentioned. As far as can be judged by the advance description of the plan, it would be equally good for farmers and the national economy as a whole. Money now used by the government to support prices would instead be employed to assure all but the largest farmers of incomes as high in relation to those received by city folk as they were during an average of the preceding ten or twelve years. These subsidies would be paid in return for compliance with the government's requirements about soil conservation and production programs. The government would stimulate the output of those crops most needed for a healthy diet. Thus virtually all the sound objections to the old supports based on price parity would be avoided. Price parity keeps down consumption and boosts the cost of living; this plan would not do so. Price parity freezes crop production in outworn patterns; the Brannan plan would allow market forces to take effect, with only

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such changes as are required to provide good nutrition to people in the lower income brackets. Price parity takes no account of increases in farm income due to higher productivity; the new proposal is to guarantee minimum income parity instead. Finally, the emphasis in the reformed program is on soil conservation, while the old one often promoted soil wastage. It all sounds so good that our chief fear is Congress will kill it.

✶

PICK UP ALMOST ANY NEWSPAPER THESE days, and your fears about the atomic bomb will shrivel up beside the livelier fear that our world is doomed to a kind of creeping paranoia. On a single morning last week we culled these three gems of irrationality before giving up in alarm: In Cambridge, Massachusetts, the city school committee prevented Harold Laski from speaking in a hall of a public school on the ground that he was "pro-Communist." Mr. Laski's proposals for dealing with the Soviet Union may not be the same as the committee members', but the most casual inquiry would have convinced them that it was he who led the fight to bar Communists forever from the British Labor Party. In fact, it would have done their anti-Communist souls good to read his pamphlet about the comrades entitled, "The Secret Battalion" . . . In far-off Moscow fantasy ran to more lurid lines. In the columns of *Pravda* Russian readers learned from Professor I. Gluschenko that geneticists in this country live, work, and scheme only to serve "American imperialism." Our "monopolists," it seems, "have to justify before the masses their aspirations for world domination . . . That is why their [scientific] hirelings resurrect the reactionary ideas of Malthus and raise a hullabaloo about the overpopulation that they themselves invented." There's American inventive genius for you . . . For the third gem we take you to Washington, where an American Legion lobbyist pressed a House committee to approve a veterans' pension bill that would cost the country seventy-seven billion dollars over the next fifty years. Forget about figuring the cost, the legislators were told; "all figures cause is confusion."

✶

MUCH HAS HAPPENED IN CONGRESS—NONE of it for the good—since those opening days of the session when labor's main concern was whether the Taft-Hartley act would be replaced in one step or two. Thanks to the early success of the Republican-Dixiecrat coalition, it now appears that even the Administration's plan for simultaneous repeal of Taft-Hartley and introduction of a new bill modifying the Wagner act will meet the most determined opposition; and there is reason to fear that there will be no effective repeal at all. The Rules Committee, after unnecessarily prolonged debate, considering

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that its function is not to pass on the merits of proposed legislation, will probably have reported out the Administration's Lesinski bill by the time this comment reaches our readers, but subject to amendment on the floor rather than under a "closed rule," as Lesinski originally requested. We believe the sponsor of the measure was wrong in seeking to have it presented on a take-it-or-leave-it basis, though he rightly fears the consequences of rewriting so complex a bill on the floor. But the coalition is not satisfied with the prospect of amending to its heart's content; its plan now is to offer its own Wood bill as a substitute, the theory being that it would be easier, as Representative Nixon says, to "work from the Wood bill down, instead of from the Lesinski bill up." Since the Wood bill in most respects is even more drastic than the Taft-Hartley law, the intention obviously is to give the unions very little profit from their election victory. Unfortunately those who actually voted for the present law are still a majority in both chambers. Administration leaders in the House are said to count on winning over at least fifty Southern votes by accepting an amendment to provide for curbing strikes creating a national emergency. But labor pins its hopes on those whose minds may have been changed by the election.

Ships and Taxes

BEFORE World War I the major part of the goods which we sold to foreigners or bought from them was carried in British or other foreign-owned ships. During the war many British ships were torpedoed, and the United States built a great merchant fleet. The result was a surplus of cargo space.

In the ensuing shipping depression the British had an advantage through their lower costs of construction and operation, their greater experience, and their network of insurance, banking, and other services. A reduced American merchant marine was kept alive by subsidies.

Perhaps the luxury was worth the price. Nobody derived any economic advantage except the ship owners, but national pride was sustained, American seamen were employed, and a reserve of vessels was maintained for future national defense.

If we are to continue this policy after World War II we ought to be clear about the cost. The shipping subsidy spends American dollars and resources to do a job that others could do more cheaply. Then the Marshall Plan gives to Europeans the dollars necessary to close the gap in their balance of payments—that is, some of the dollars that our shipping subsidy deprives them of the chance to earn. We pay double for every ton of American shipping kept on the high seas by government aid.

One thing is certain: whatever aid we give to American shipping should be given in the national interest, not in the interest of private profit. Yet the shipping companies are always asking for more. Their present demands may even give them exorbitant profits without providing any incentive to increase cargo space.

The bills before the present Congress are in the form of amendments to the Merchant Marine Act of 1936. Here in substance is what they might allow an American shipowner to do. He has, let us say, in a pre-war year bought a ship with the aid of a government subsidy and operated it with the aid of another subsidy intended to equalize his competitive position with foreign owners. This would be enough, one might think, to give him a fair chance. In addition, he has been allowed to put all the earnings from this vessel into a tax-free fund for construction and repair, instead of using them to repay the subsidy. (Earnings were high during the war.) He has also been allowed full depreciation in twenty years; so that by this time the ship may be carried on his books at no capital cost whatever. Now he has a depreciation reserve large enough to replace the ship, at its original cost, and in addition has accumulated a substantial tax-free sum out of its earnings.

The 1936 law allows shipowners to turn in obsolete vessels to the Maritime Commission and to receive in return a sum which is to be devoted to the purchase or construction of new ships. The amount of the payment is determined by the scrap value, the depreciated value, and the market value. The ship in our example would now have a depreciated value of zero, and if that were used as the test, the Maritime Commission could have it for nothing. This would seem fair, in view of the fact that the owner already has the accumulated funds to replace his ship and perhaps to buy another as well. But "obsolete" vessels now have a considerable market value because of the shipping shortage and high freights. With considerable enterprise, the National Federation of American Shipping wants an amendment to the law which would compel the commission to pay the market value, unless the scrap value is higher. Depreciated value would be left out of the calculation.

Since the purpose of the law is to stimulate expansion of shipping, that might not be so bad: the money received for the obsolete vessel would supposedly be used for new construction. The present law specifies that reserve funds for this purpose be expended within two years. Now, however, the federation wants an amendment to allow ten years. Meanwhile, the shipowner would have a windfall, acquired when ships have a high market value, which he might not have to spend until a depression had brought construction costs way down. Perhaps—who knows?—he might never have to spend it at all. There might be an even more complaisant Congress within that time.

Not satisfied with all this, the federation wants to be allowed henceforth to depreciate ships at the rate of 20

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per cent a year. Thus within five years the owner would be permitted to lay aside enough of the earnings of a new vessel to replace it, although it would probably have a useful life of at least fifteen years more. Ship operators who did not accept the operating subsidy would not even have to use these tax-free earnings for new construction. They could, if they wished, divide them as a melon to the stockholders.

What it amounts to is that the American public would have given the owners their ships plus a large amount of tax-free profits. A subsidy is a doubtful expedient at best, but a subsidy that did not even make sure of keeping a modern merchant fleet on the seas would be sheer robbery of the taxpayer.

Are They Best-Sellers?

HOW reliable are current lists of best-sellers? In a recent article in the *Saturday Review of Literature* Roland Gelatt charged that the lists published by the New York *Times* and *Herald Tribune* each Sunday are not at all reliable and went so far as to entitle his broadside Bogus Best-Sellers. Subsequent issues presented rebuttals from the *Times* and *Herald Tribune* and a number of comments from publishers and other observers.

From a reading of the charges, the rebuttals, and the comments, it would seem that two facts have been established: (1) that these lists are not final, since they are based not on anything like complete statistics but on reports from what the two newspapers regard as a representative number of representative book stores throughout the country; and (2) that the titles under which the lists are printed, The Best-Sellers and What America Is Reading, respectively, are too sweeping, since these lists are more or less limited to new books—the great output of reprints and new editions of old favorites do not enter in—and some categories even of new titles, "practical" books, for instance, are sometimes included, sometimes not. On the other hand, it is hard to avoid the conclusion that these facts are not as scandalous as they may, at first glance, appear and that a list compiled according to the specifications suggested by Mr. Gelatt at the end of his article, while it might be somewhat less impressionistic, would not be foolproof either.

Mr. Gelatt proposed that the publishers set up an Audit Bureau of Best-Sellers which would rely on weekly certified reports from the publishers on actual sales of their best-selling titles and on certified and actual weekly sales figures from twenty-five large book stores and book jobbers. It sounds simple and scientific. But publishers would be hard put to say with promptness just how many of their books are sold each week, for some books they sell are returned. It might be a good idea to include jobbers in the list of sources, but the question raised by *Publishers Weekly* is pertinent: How many times would you count sales from publishers to jobbers, thence to retailers, and finally to readers? And no list that was compiled on the basis of sampling, however scientific, could be guaranteed against occasional errors. (See the Case of Truman versus the pollsters.)

An episode Mr. Gelatt made much of in his article neatly illustrates this point. "The Seven-Storey Mountain" by Thomas Merton, an account of the author's conversion to Catholicism, appeared in eleventh place on the *Times* best-seller list of February 20. The publishers, Harcourt, Brace, were sure that it should have been in first place since it had sold 60,000 copies (this in itself is a fascinating fact), and they said so in an advertisement in the *Times*. There seems to be no question that Mr. Merton's book should have headed the list, and this would appear to be conclusive evidence of the unreliability of the *Times* reports. But as it happens, "The Seven-Storey Mountain" was a special, not a typical case. The sales of the book grew slowly in Catholic bookstores which do not send in reports on best-sellers. Yet even if a Catholic bookstore or two warranted inclusion in the certified group proposed by Mr. Gelatt, it is not at all certain that the specialized buying which played so large a part in sending up the sales of Mr. Merton's book would be accurately reflected in the reformed tally.

It is just as well to have it poiated out that best-seller lists are not final—"bogus" seems to us far too strong a word—and this airing of their imperfections will no doubt have a good effect. But it is hard to see how they could be made final except at a disproportionate expenditure of time and money.

Toward Peace

THE speakers at the Nation Associates' dinner-forum on "Peace: How Can It Be Achieved?" strikingly demonstrated the unity of attitude that links independent liberal minds, no matter how widely separated they may have been in national background and culture. Those who took part in the discussion at the Waldorf-Astoria on April 7 included Dr. Herbert V. Evatt, President of the General Assembly of the United Nations and Australian Minister for External Affairs; Moshe Sharett, Israeli Foreign Minister; Justice William O. Douglas of the United States Supreme Court; and Freda Kirchwey, Editor of *The Nation*. William L. Shirer, author and radio commentator, presided. Romulo Gallegos, noted novelist and deposed President of Venezuela, who was scheduled to speak, was detained in Cuba by the sudden illness of his wife; his address was read by J. Alvarez del Vayo, Foreign Editor of *The Nation* and former Foreign Minister of the Spanish Republic.

In opening the discussion Freda Kirchwey pointed out

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that the participants were "men whose experience in handling large issues, and whose minds and tempers as well, have freed them from too much concern with factional antagonism."

> They are men [she went on] who have never abandoned the search for a democratic and pacific solution of the conflicts of interest that are tearing the world apart. And perhaps above all, they are immune to the fears and manic excitements which have lately made sensible public discussion so difficult. We have arrived at a point in this strong and stable republic of ours when even the word "peace" carries a faint odor of disloyalty. Our speakers tonight will talk of peace without recrimination or fear. What they have to say will find a reflection, I dare hope, in the debates at Lake Success and in Washington.

Four main themes ran through the evening's talk. One was the critical need for maintaining and working through the United Nations, in spite of the fierce pressures exerted by the mounting clash of interests between Russia and the West and the Atlantic alliance which has emerged from it. Dr. Evatt strongly defended the United Nations as an instrument capable of acting effectively even in issues which involve a serious struggle for power. Mentioning the cases of Iran and Kashmir as instances, Dr. Evatt reviewed more carefully the handling of the Palestine dispute, showing how at each difficult moment a disinterested solution was found which won the approval of a majority of the nations. "The plain fact is," Dr. Evatt said, "that only the United Nations could have faced this problem and prevented heavy bloodshed. . . . There is now a real basis for hope that the Arabs and Jews can live together in peace in this important region and cooperate for their mutual economic and social advancement and for that of the whole Middle East region." Dr. Evatt also stressed the value of the ethics of the United Nation in the fields of economic development and of human rights.

Justice Douglas went even farther in advocating international action to bring about a rule of law instead of force. Without a system of law, he said, no nation will sacrifice its right to wage war. But he centered his attention chiefly on what turned out to be the main theme of the discussion—"the spirit of unrest" which today stirs the people of all continents and provides the substance of the conflict of interest between East and West. The Soviet, he said, has capitalized on this opportunity and activated the forces of unrest "with an ideology and with propaganda." He called upon the West to meet the Russian drive with a positive democratic program which will embrace concrete "measures to deal with the social injustices on which the forces of revolt thrive." Specifically, he suggested worldwide undertakings to overcome the fundamental causes of economic misery: reclamation and protection of the soil and of other primary resources, industrialization, land reform, hydroelectric developments; and, he added, these projects "must be utilized for the benefit of the multitude, not merely for a few at the top." Justice Douglas also made it clear that the program he proposed involved political as well as technological action.

> If we throw [the weight of our prestige and influence] on the side of human rights the world over, the tide will turn and we will salvage even the wastelands of the world for the democratic cause. If we throw it on the side of reaction and vested interest, the democratic cause will lose as steadily in all areas as it has in China. . . .

This same point, elaborated in terms of his own country and continent, was the heart of Señor Gallegos's address. As Venezuela's first freely elected President, ousted from office by a military junta, Gallegos represents almost symbolically the beleaguered democracies of Latin America. With poetic energy he inveighed against the military mind which looks for security in atomic power and elevates to heroism the "cold-blooded pilot who can carry death and destruction to whole peoples." He implied that other countries "which have no reason to be unfriendly" have ignored the tyranny in Venezuela "to buy and sell," and he asked whether "aid to the dictators which South America has produced and is going to produce will be the most effective way of establishing and defending peace."

Like Dr. Evatt, Foreign Minister Sharett paid tribute to the work of the United Nations in helping to establish Israel and stressed the new state's vital need of peace if it is to grow or even survive. But the most significant part of his talk fortified the argument of Justice Douglas. Pointing out that "there can be no stable peace on the basis of class privilege, mass privation, and general backwardness," Mr. Sharett suggested that Israel could contribute to the economic development and social progress of the Arab countries, and thus to the stability of the whole area. He then discussed the coexistence in Israel of different types of production and ownership, "from the ultra-capitalistic to the ultra-socialistic and collectivist," and in this free and varied yet integrated order he saw "the makings of a lasting social peace." With a quick look at the struggle in the world as a whole, he indicated that peace between nations similarly depended upon the possibility of developing "two distinct social and political civilizations side by side." Without pressing the parallel too far, Mr. Sharett suggested that the experience of Israel might offer a clue to a solution of the problem of world peace. The achievement of divergent systems in Israel proved feasible because they were subordinated to one common purpose—that of national salvation. Is there a common world problem, he asked, which overrides the conflict between the two divergent political systems. "To that question," Mr. Sharett concluded, "the answer must be an emphatic affirmative. There is such a common purpose. It is the

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survival of mankind. . . . War has ceased to be a gamble between victory and defeat for either party. It spells a certainty of destruction for both . . ."

Full support of the United Nations as the basic instrumentality of peace; development of a system of law to supplant the rule of force; acceptance of the principle that conflicting systems and theories can coexist without war; recognition by the Western nations of the revolutionary surge throughout the world and a conscious effort on their part to end poverty, inequality, and political reaction and to cooperate with the democratic forces in every country—these were the themes that emerged most strongly in the Nation Associates' discussion of how peace can be achieved.

War, Peace, and Journalism

BY THOMAS SANCTON

Washington, April 8

AT THE conclusion of an article on the foreign-policy legislation now being considered in the United States Senate, published in the April 9 issue of *The Nation*, I quoted a passage from a book by the group-psychologist Trigant Burrow, the substance of which was Burrow's belief that it is society's recurrent warlike states of mind, rather than the superficial political issues actually in dispute, which "produce calamities that gather their toll of human life by the millions."

"Man has no implacable enemy but his own unconsciousness," Burrow writes elsewhere—using the term "unconsciousness" in its psychoanalytical meaning of deep-seated, unrecognized human drives and motivations, many of which are hostile responses to the early and continuing frustrations and fears imposed upon man by an over-organized but forever chaotic external world.

"Psychoanalytical jargon," the reader may here be moved to protest; why introduce it in a weekly Washington letter? The answer is: because the ideas expressed in the jargon are important; because the cumulative and many-sided social insights of scientists like Frederic Wertham, Erich Fromm, Karen Horney, Harry Stack Sullivan, Trigant Burrow (in his earlier writings), and certain others are forging a powerful and increasingly manageable tool that ought to be used when needed even in such unspecialized fields as political journalism.

The related subject of psychoanalytical anthropology also provides insights that help us to understand the intellectual and emotional turmoil beneath the surface issues in Washington, Moscow, and other capitals. The late Ruth Benedict's demonstration of the cohesive totality of all cultures, and, more important, of the arbitrary nature of those cultural absolutisms which deny any values but their own—yet are constitutionally unequipped to question their own—partly explains the malignant nonsense which forms a substantial part of the "pending business" on any given day in Congress.

Gestalt psychology, too, with its expanding recognition of the interrelations of all objects and factors in any field of experience, provides an important analytical approach to those warlike "states of mind" which periodically, as Burrow says, plunge whole nations into a frenzy of destruction.

The complex but accurate terminology of the scientific German used in many of these studies unfortunately obscures the strength and simplicity of the ideas. It will be some time before such a phrase as "Gestalt journalism" will be seriously accepted in a Press Club bar. Yet *Gestalt* means only the configuration, the total pattern. "Gestalt journalism," that is, journalism which seeks the whole truth in any given field of politics, deeming the whole truth, or even the mere effort to discover it, greater and qualitatively different than piecemeal, selective reporting of its parts—"Gestalt journalism," in this sense, describes only what serious reporters have tried to do since writing began. But now new techniques exist for understanding life objectively, and even for understanding the subjective "meaning of meaning," to quote the title of a famous work; and these techniques must be employed eventually in political reporting.

Journalism, which is a form of communication among human beings, ought to be drawing increasingly upon biophysics, in which Gestalt philosophy is grounded. There is a whole new field of investigation—termed "cybernetics" by one of its foremost pioneers, Norbert Wiener—which by definition embraces fundamentals of "control and communication in animals and machines." But the one approach to such concepts that I have seen in popular journalism—and even there it was confined largely to objective description, eschewing equally valid and important subjective reactions—is a recent article by John McPartland in the March 28 issue of *Life*, entitled Intercollegiate Bull Session. The following passage, in which the author quotes a California Institute of Technology student, will indicate the range of outlook:

> When I'm at school and things seem pretty routine I forget what we're doing and where we're going—

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and then I'll think of the gene studies that probably will change the human race more in the next few generations than let's say selective breeding has done to milk cattle in the last 500 years, or of the electronics boys at M. I. T. and their servomotor robots—intelligent, faithful, accurate, and untiring—or the computer men at the Moore School, with their machines that will solve a problem involving several hundred thousand separate and simultaneous calculations in a few hours, or the guided-missile and upper-atmosphere men at Guggenheim Lab here, . . . or the biochemists at Chicago, to whom life is a series of electronic and molecular relationships that are becoming more obviously understandable by the minute, and all the rest of us—patient, relentless, and ruthless. . . .

WHAT has all this, and particularly Gestalt theory, to do with Washington politics? one may ask. The answer I should like to make is this: Because the Gestalt outlook accepts the significance of every force, tendency, and object in the political field as in all fields, it has precisely everything to do with Washington politics. If you sit day after day in the House or Senate press gallery or attend State Department or Presidential press conferences, you become aware of an enormous disproportion between the politician's one-dimensional, self-serving explanation of his actions and the implacable drift of our mismanaged nation and our mismanaged species into another and unimaginably terrible war. In the light of this knowledge, the futility of the "coverage" and "interpretations" offered by the flat front pages of the average metropolitan daily is overwhelmingly apparent.

From the rigid Marxist outlook, whether Socialist or Communist, any effort to explain wars as phenomena arising primarily from psychological factors in the species, rather than from the obvious material breakdown of capitalism, will appear to be so much bourgeois hogwash; a journalism which seeks to probe deeper than simple materialistic interpretations will seem to be both middle-class propaganda and a waste of time. With the Red Army astride Europe, Communists very easily "understand" the warlike irrationality and absolutism now ascendant in the West, while they deny completely the existence of the warlike absolutism in which they live and breathe.

Several months ago Sumner Welles was called out of retirement to testify before the House Un-American Activities Committee concerning the importance of certain "spy documents" in the Hiss-Chambers case. He was impeccably dressed as always, affable, suave, but his face betrayed the profound tensions of a troubled man. I participated in a conversation at the press table about the impression Welles had made. However, shunning any writing that might smack of "psychoanalytic jargon," in our reports we discussed the flat value of his testimony and left the element of Welles the man completely untouched.

Within a week, taking a walk on a freezing night because of the insomnia which, the family said, had "troubled him for years," Welles suffered his now-famous heart attack and almost froze to death. Such an occurrence would have rightly remained a private and personal matter had Welles never figured prominently in political life. But as an Under Secretary of State he had exerted profound influence upon the historical developments of the 1930's, developments which had led down a path of treaties, documents, and affirmations of right and principle into war.

The weight and virulence of mankind's unconscious hostilities were unquestionably concentrated in Germany during this period. But there was to some extent a failure of leadership throughout the world. Certainly grave failures could be noted during this period in our State Department. Joe Citizen—soon to be G. I. Joe—had nothing but a very flat image of State Department leaders like Welles; yet such men were the weavers of his fate. The average citizen's judgment of these Olympians was based upon dead-pan journalistic reports accepting them as completely at face value as do the news photographs of such ceremonies as we have seen this week in Washington with the signing of the Atlantic Pact. Joe got no idea of the tentative, wavering, fallible, arbitrary, individual outlooks and personalities that, in America and Europe, were forging his future.

A WEEK ago I went with other correspondents to a ceremony in the park-like inner courtyard of the Pentagon Building. Big, rugged Louis Johnson, business cartelist and American Legion leader, was succeeding sharp little James Forrestal, cartelist, militarist, and Wall Street banker, as Secretary of Defense. As one newspaper pointed out, it was the case of an ex-college wrestler succeeding an ex-college boxer, and the men's personal and professional "styles" were interestingly contrasted. My on-the-scene notes contained, as a reporter's notes invariably do, more of the total mood and meaning of that ceremony, came closer to its "Gestalt," than their ultimate rewriting would ever have done. Pursuing life-long habits of flat reporting, which for all newspapermen is largely a process of eliminating much they have actually seen, heard, and understood, I should have left out things which now, because of a subsequent development, I recognize as important. These notes bear upon my general argument, and I therefore transcribe them intact.

Army, Navy, Marine Corps color guards on the grass. Crowd—5,000?—keeps on paved walks. Low stair landing used as platform. On the front benches the big names and big brass—Senators, Cabinet, "Joint Chiefs," Saltonstall, old McKellar, Baldwin—laughter.

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> Rep. Mendell Rivers everywhere like a grasshopper. Under Secretary of State Jimmy Webb passes with his country looks, green dotted tie, striped shirt—he could reach greatness. He introduces two ("do you know my friend Tom Moore?"—is this the man who brought him to Sperry Gyroscope Company?)—behind the benches a soldier climbs up on comfort-station roof—wave of laughter runs through crowd—pigeons fly angrily from one part of lawn to another. Army color guard with white gloves, blue scarves—when ceremonies begin Omar Bradley turns, only man in crowd facing rear, and salutes army color guard at rear. Simple ceremonies, brief—swearing in, no speeches—Chief Justice Vinson's Georgia (?) drawl—the old order changes; the more it changes the more it remains the same thing—the new high command for the new war—grim wisp of a smile plays on Forrestal's face—he looks like a little boy that has been pushed aside—really wanted the job. Doris Fleeson understands it better than the Alsops—he looks like a boy hit in the solar plexus in the school yard—gray suit, the Forrestal perfect tailoring and informality. Ceremony over, Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Forrestal, the photographers posing and pushing—"one more, one more." Bomber from Andrews field flies low over Pentagon. The wives of the celebrities follow upstairs, some tired eyes, some mascaraed; what a life; the pace and the strain—and the uncertainty. After it was over the yard quickly cleared—music everywhere from unseen loudspeaker system, filling the yard—nostalgic, from another world—"I'll Be with You—In Apple Blossom Time"—the 1920's—redbud trees in bloom in Pentagon yard—how many more springs? The walks of the plaza, warlike building, lined with pale green benches and tables, weathering paint, lone man feeding pigeons—somehow reminiscent of the parks of nineteenth-century European novels, the Luxembourg, the Yussupov Gardens.

My own image of Forrestal has been flat and journalese. I have despised and feared what he symbolized—Wall Street's direct command of the army. Yet looking beyond the flat image—and all reporters have a genuine impulse to do this, regardless of what they set down in print—I realized at this ceremony that I was looking at a confused and suffering human being. Instead of fear for the authoritarian power he had symbolized, I felt pity.

But more important than the question of my subjective reactions at this ceremony, I knew that a fantastic fifteen-billion-dollar war program, and the most murderous armadas ever assembled on this earth, had been captained for three years by this man, a man not even now fully master of himself, a man who had no more right or qualification to subject his nation and his kind to his controlled but unconscious, turbulent, hostile concepts of life, war, and peace than does the man who holds the office today; than do the absolutists and militarists who are the masters of the Red Army.

Today, as this is written, the Washington *Post* carries the following item:

> James V. Forrestal, former Defense Secretary, has been admitted to Naval Hospital, Bethesda, Md., for "medical study and physical check-up," it has been officially announced . . . A high-ranking Pentagon authority said Forrestal was very seriously ill. Other informed sources, asked if the recently resigned Secretary had suffered a nervous breakdown, said "nervous exhaustion" was a better description.

THESE are but two of numerous instances in which apparently secondary and peripheral elements in the field of observation of the press galleries and press tables of Washington have turned into prime and dynamic elements in the Washington "story." If space permitted, the events of this week alone would furnish numerous illustrations equally substantial. Count Sforza telling a Press Club luncheon he was not a poor man, and that his family because of E. C. A. now ate meat seven days a week instead of two, belongs in the total pattern of who signed the Atlantic Pact this week and why. Senator Connally's rambling, arrogant references to the "Jews, Arabs, and Hottentots" in North Africa give an insight into the primitive political outlooks that figured prominently in this week's Marshall Plan debate.

An increasing number of such experiences have served to confirm my slowly growing conviction that journalism, and in particular Washington journalism, must undertake to deal in elements it formerly ignored, now that a whole array of fierce and little understood elements have come to dominate scientific, military, and industrial processes, and consequently the fate of man.

Nothing is peripheral or secondary, in the old sense, in the Gestalt outlook; everything that has a bearing on an individual or a situation or exerts a force upon that individual or situation, is of primary importance in understanding them. Reporters have always known this. The true stories that they tell privately to one another in press rooms have always been nearer the whole truth than what they have written.

Joe Citizen may quite willingly reach a point where he might want to become G. I. Joe again. Though his own nation's "absolutism" is often provocative, instinct will lead Joe to defend his country from the outright challenge if a deeper absolutism should threaten it. But it is he himself who should reach that point, and through a vaster knowledge than he now possesses of all elements—personal and psychological, conscious and unconscious, as well as economic, political, and military—which are at work in the total field of world politics. And the primitive tribal obsessions of political and military élites can be approached, understood, exposed, and perhaps partly disarmed and neutralized by the tools now available to journalists.

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Del Vayo—Herbert V. Evatt's Hour

Lake Success, April 8

WHILE it is true that the United Nations is passing through a difficult period, the present session of the Assembly offers it a splendid opportunity to recover its authority as the supreme arbiter of the question of peace or war. In his opening address Herbert V. Evatt recalled that the old League of Nations was ruined by the very governments which organized it, and by his emphasis on that fact acknowledged his own great responsibility as president of the General Assembly. By virtue of his position he is today the man best able to insist that the nations gathered again at Lake Success quit rendering lip-service to the United Nations while they rob it of its only reason for existence—to maintain the peace.

Up to the very last, the League of Nations could have been saved if its head at the moment, speaking from the League's tribune, had called on all the powerful forces for peace in the world to support the Covenant against the nations that were ignoring or circumventing it. But the successive presidents of the Assembly or the Council, with few exceptions, had no other ambition than to please Great Britain and France, the League's real bosses, who pulled the strings for the rest to dance. On the other hand, the secretary-general, the ineffable M. Avenol, was continually smiling in the direction of the two aggressor powers, Germany and Italy, and his chief anxiety was lest something be said which would prevent their return to Geneva. The appeasers of the thirties had such a generous conception of the League's universality that they believed it could contain aggressors and their victims, and frequently it was the aggressors who received favored treatment.

The president of the Assembly, Foreign Minister Evatt of Australia, has shown that he does not hold his post to carry out the policies of the great powers. His duty, he believes, is to serve the United Nations and to see that it is not destroyed by the very governments which brought it into being at San Francisco. He proved this very clearly at the last session of the Assembly, when he addressed his impressive appeal from the Palais Chaillot to the four occupying powers, exhorting them to come to an agreement on Germany and put an end to the dangerous situation in Berlin. Certain interested delegations reacted to his move with evident ill-humor, as if the mere thought of an accord was repugnant to them, but the majority, and world opinion, applauded his courage.

Although the present session will probably be brief and the next Assembly will have a new president, any energetic intervention of Evatt's against those powers which want to prepare for enforcing peace or making war outside the framework of the United Nations would be of tremendous importance. It would at once mobilize in the defense of the United Nations the hundreds of millions of men and women in the world who want peace and are eager to find leaders who cannot be accused of serving this or that bloc.

Whatever may be said to the contrary, the Atlantic Pact is the most severe blow yet dealt the United Nations. The first spontaneous reaction of Secretary-General Trygve Lie was representative of the misgivings felt by almost all delegates. One can tell from the very atmosphere at Lake Success these days that the moral authority of the U. N. has been gravely damaged. The peace is not so solidly established that it can remain unshaken when generals tell their troops to be ready to fight or when the President of the United States announces that if another occasion like Hiroshima presents itself more atomic bombs will be dropped. President Evatt has a right to ask the United Nations to take up its central task of silencing the voices of war and promoting international agreements.

But besides setting an example for all presiding officers of the Assembly to follow, Mr. Evatt might play another role, that of Grand Mediator. The part is now vacant, and for the sake of the well-being of the world it should be filled. France could have played it. But post-war France has had no Barthou, no Foreign Minister with enough imagination to see that his country would become stronger and more prosperous by acting as intermediary than simply by serving as a fifth wheel in a Western bloc. Great Britain under Foreign Minister Bevin has squandered the great Socialist heritage of peace.

The Australian Labor statesman, defending aggressively what he believes to be the truth, would be an excellent mediator.

Dr. Evatt's chief task at this session will be to restore the authority of the United Nations, which has suffered from the way some of the great powers, occupied with fundamental problems of war and peace, have ignored the existence of the international organization. Aside from that he will have little to do. He will not be able to satisfy his legitimate ambition to bridge the chasm between the two blocs when the Mindszenty affair is taken up next week. However many committees of investigation are named, the position of each bloc will remain the same.

For one section of world opinion the Hungarian Cardinal will continue to be the martyr that the Roman Catholic church has made him. For another he will be the conspirator described in the Hungarian government's "Yellow Book," which repeats the "confessions" of the prelate and his fellow-prisoners and reproduces the documents found in the iron pipe in the palace grounds. So far as I know, no formal denial of the authenticity of these texts has been offered either by the Vatican or by French Catholic newspapers like *La Croix* and *Figaro,* which have devoted a great deal of space to an examination of the Mindszenty case.

For some weeks the attention of all who refuse to accept the idea of another war will be fastened on Dr. Evatt. He has a unique opportunity. The use he makes of it will give the measure of his stature as a statesman.

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News Tailored to Fit

BY TOM O'CONNOR

IN HER syndicated newspaper column of March 29 Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt remarked, with that restraint which is characteristic of her style: "The reports in the newspapers during the last few days on the Cultural and Scientific Conference for World Peace and the counter-rally of the Americans for Intellectual Freedom seem to me rather depressing." She referred, of course, to the actions reported, not to the manner of the reporting; she was thinking, no doubt, of the State Department's half-timorous, half-smart-aleck denial of visas to certain distinguished Western Europeans and Latin Americans who wanted to come to the conference and of the whipped-up hysteria of the religious groups which picketed the Waldorf-Astoria. These are matters of importance to anyone who cares about free speech and free assembly, and one need not have a particular view of United States policy or of the Communist Party to be disturbed by them. But to those who have a special interest in another important freedom—that of the press—what was said and done at the two conferences was less profoundly depressing than the way in which the newspapers and wire services handled the story.

With certain notable exceptions there was a general abdication of the responsibility to furnish an impartial report; most of the New York newspapers not only condemned the conference in their editorials, as they had a perfect right to do, but sought to discredit it in their news columns. Stories were slanted, headlines were loaded, incidents were invented, wild and absurd charges were played up, outright lies were printed as solemn fact. Perhaps most important of all, the serious things that serious people had to say about the serious subject of how to achieve peace were for the most part blithely ignored.

It should be made clear at the outset that the New York *Times* was guilty of none of these things. The *Times*, in its peculiar majesty, stayed above the battle. It conscientiously strove to be fair, dignified, accurate, and thorough in its coverage, and it magnificently succeeded. The seven other New York daily newspapers of general circulation were all, in varying degree, guilty of conduct unbecoming a responsible press, from the slaverings of Hearst's *Journal-American* and Roy Howard's *World-Telegram* to the tricky distortions of the ordinarily fair-minded *Herald Tribune*.

TOM O'CONNOR was formerly city editor of PM *and later special writer for the* Star.

What, after all, was the story? The National Council of Arts, Sciences, and Professions, a group of left-of-center intellectuals who are dissatisfied with United States foreign policy and believe we are drifting toward war with Russia, decided to hold a big talk-fest to publicize their views. They invited like-minded persons from various European and Latin American countries to come as guests, and asked the governments of the Soviet Union and the countries in the Soviet sphere to send prominent artists and scientists. The Eastern European governments applied for visas for more than a score of persons. The State Department agreed to admit them, except those from Hungary and Rumania, although all of them were either known or logically presumed to be Communists, since they had been selected by their governments. At the same time the State Department labeled the coming meeting a sounding-board for Communist propaganda. And it denied visas to those who applied from Western European countries, except one Englishman, even though none of these were known to be Communists and many of them were known not to be.

THE Catholic War Veterans and other fervidly anti-Communist organizations promptly announced they would picket the meetings. A new organization called Americans for Intellectual Freedom (A. I. F.) was quickly created by a number of well-known anti-Soviet intellectuals, and a "rival" meeting was scheduled to voice condemnation of Russia and all its works. The press agent for Local 802 of the Musicians' Union, Arnold Beichman, took over as publicist and anonymous "spokesman" for A. I. F., set up headquarters in the Waldorf-Astoria, and devoted himself with conspicuous enthusiasm to the task of discrediting the conference by building up the red menace. His job, in a sense, was a press agent's dream: the columns of every paper were wide open to him.

The conference met Friday through Sunday, March 25-27. The papers began their Roman holiday about two weeks in advance, the *Journal-American* and the *World-Telegram* taking the lead. Their trained red-ferrets, Howard Rushmore and Frederick Woltman, with a couple of assistants, went to work along familiar lines, listing the names of sponsors who had at some time been connected with an allegedly subversive organization and telephoning other sponsors to try to bully or scare them into withdrawing.

On March 17 it became apparent that Woltman and Rushmore would have no monopoly on playing dirty

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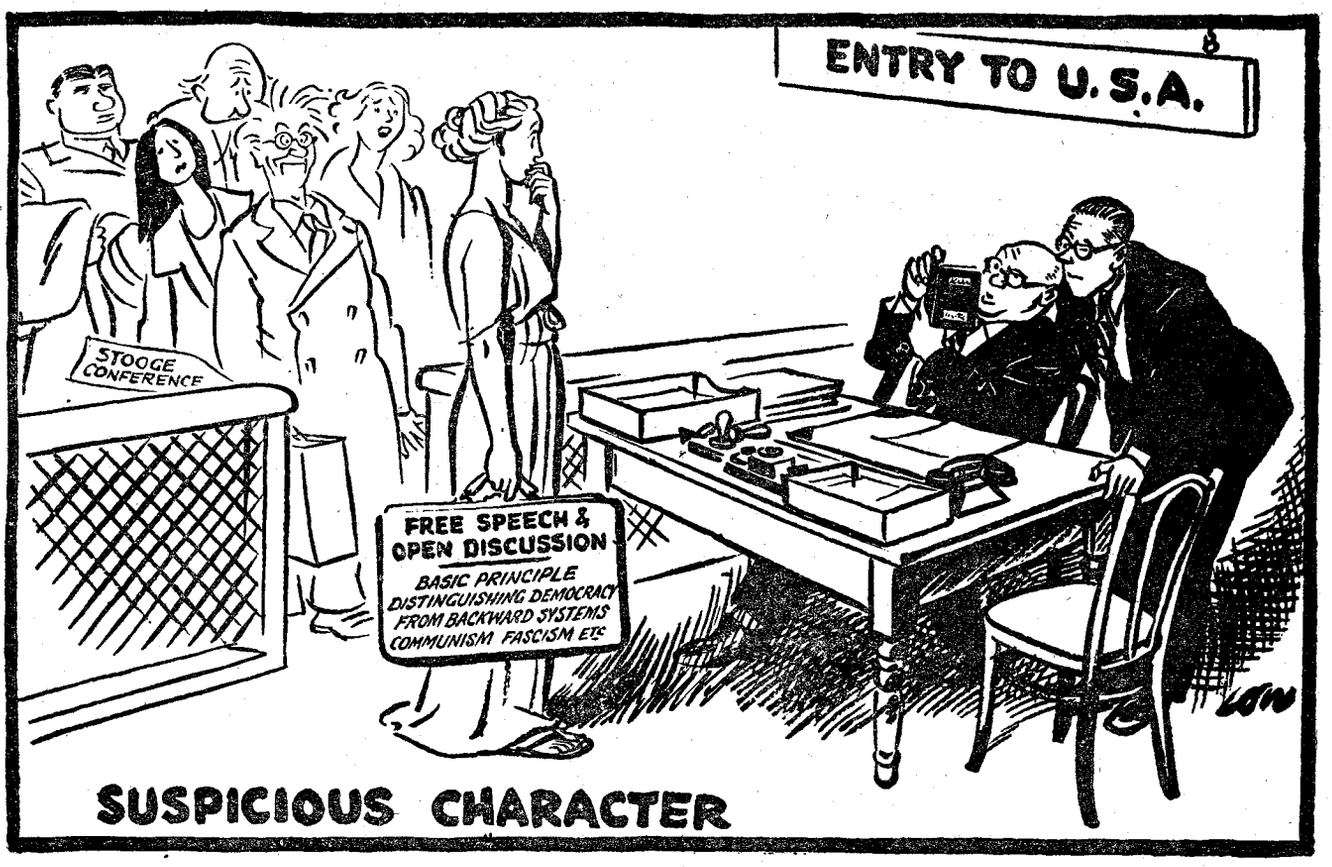
pool. On that day newspapers from coast to coast published a United Press story written by Lyle C. Wilson, Washington bureau chief, which began: "Behind sculptor Jo Davidson's [Davidson is chairman of the N. C. A. S. P.] bushy whiskers looms again today the familiar outline of what remarkably resembles a Communist Party front." After a couple of paragraphs Wilson abandoned the notion that the coming conference only "remarkably resembled" a Communist Party front and called it, among other things, "a let's-all-love-Russia clambake."

In the week before the conference the New York papers and the wire services worked themselves up to a frenzy. They had plenty of material. The State Department, through its handling of the visas and its accompanying explanations, left no doubt that everyone connected with the conference was a Communist or fellow-traveler. The Friends of Democracy, an effective anti-Nazi organization during the war and now actively anti-Communist, demanded that Jo Davidson, Howard Fast, and Albert Kahn, three of the conference's sponsors, be indicted for failure to register as Cominform agents. The Catholic War Veterans and allied groups kept promising a bigger and bigger picket line of "loyal Americans"; their figure finally was 100,000, twenty-four hours a day for three days, complete with mobile first-aid station and doughnuts-and-coffee canteen. (As it turned out, picketing was sporadic, and even the police estimates, generally about double the actual number, never reached a higher figure than 2,000 at a time.)

But it was Beichman for the A. I. F. who did the most ingenious and effective sniping job, and the way the newspapers and wire services handled his releases was perhaps their greatest offense. Beichman had four noteworthy inspirations, in addition to the constantly repeated charge that the peace conference was a Communist plot. These were (1) that the sponsors were withdrawing in droves; (2) that two members of the Russian delegation—the novelist A. A. Fadeyev, secretary-general of the Union of Soviet Writers, and I. D. Rujansky, a scientific writer serving as secretary and interpreter—were in reality Russian secret-police agents, assigned to keep an eye on Dmitri Shostakovich and shield him from "anti-Soviet contacts"; (3) that the expenses of the conference were being paid by the Cominform; (4) that American literary and music critics, unnamed, had created an "intellectual reign of terror" among writers and musicians, unnamed, and coerced them into lending their support to the peace conference.

Among the sponsors cited by Beichman on Thursday morning, March 24, as having withdrawn were three —Franklin P. Adams, Canada Lee, and Rabbi Mordecai M. Kaplan—who had in fact withdrawn, and five—Rexford Guy Tugwell, Lynn Riggs, Professor Ernest Hocking, the Reverend Karl Chworosky, and Rabbi Herbert S. Goldstein—who had not. The three big wire services and every afternoon paper except the *Post* used the story and the list of names without the ordinary procedure of checking. When the A. P. finally got around to sending out a revised story, it was curiously worded:


ENTRY TO U.S.A.
STOOGE CONFERENCE
FREE SPEECH & OPEN DISCUSSION
BASIC PRINCIPLE DISTINGUISHING DEMOCRACY FROM BACKWARD SYSTEMS COMMUNISM FASCISM ETC
SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER

World Wide, London *Express*

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"The eve of a 'world peace' conference today saw . . . a controversy over who is and isn't resigning from the list of sponsors." It went on to quote the A. I. F.'s list of eight and the N. C. A. S. P.'s denial concerning five. It was left to the reader to decide who was telling the truth. Apparently the A. P.'s vast newsgathering apparatus was unable to ascertain the simple facts.

BEICHMAN'S other releases were handled with similar tenderness. All papers carried his unsupported charge that Fadeyev and Rujansky were M. V. D. agents. The charge that the Cominform was paying the bill for the peace conference was generally played up; the statement of responsible conference officials about how it was being financed—through registration fees and collections—was buried or altogether ignored. The "reign of terror" story was quoted *in extenso*, despite its lack of a single name or incident. The story was, of course, a thinly veiled attack on Olin Downes, music critic of the *Times*, who was an active participant in the conference. The *Herald Tribune* managed to mention his name in such a way as to make it clear that he was the one against whom the charge was made.

The *Herald Tribune's* whole coverage was a disappointment to those who have admired its considerable honesty and forthrightness in handling touchy subjects. Though not so blatantly derisive as the other papers, it showed unmistakable bias in its handling of the story. In its first edition on Friday, with the conference opening that night, it ran a three-column headline at the top of page one: " 'Peace' Rally Picketing Limited by Police Edict; Shostakovich in Hiding."

The first part of the headline was incorrect; the *Times* in its first edition accurately reported that the police had lifted all restrictions. The second part, like most of the story that followed, was an attempt to make something mysterious and significant and somehow unwholesome out of the fact that Shostakovich and his companions, who had flown in from Berlin the day before, had spent their first morning here resting in privacy. That afternoon they were so little in hiding that they walked into the conference headquarters in the Hotel Iroquois and introduced themselves at the switchboard. In the evening they appeared at a concert Stokowski was conducting at Carnegie Hall, and Shostakovich permitted himself to be interviewed by a *World-Telegram* reporter who spoke Russian. By the time the *Tribune's* final edition came out, the Carnegie Hall appearance was known; so the "Shostakovich in Hiding" was dropped from the headline—but not from the story. The misinformation about picketing remained in both headline and story.

The Sunday *Herald Tribune* put on an equally curious performance. The main headline, four columns at the top right, was: "Counter-Rally Cheers Attacks on Russia for 'Intellectual Purge'; 'Peace' Rally Defends Soviets." The lead story under this headline was devoted entirely to a sympathetic account of the A. I. F. meeting, even unto the spring sunshine enjoyed by the overflow crowd standing in Bryant Park to listen to the program by means of loudspeakers. The doings at the Waldorf conference were related in a separate story beginning below the fold of the paper; this featured an "acrimonious" session at which Shostakovich and his colleagues "rose in defense of official Soviet strictures on intellectuals." Presumably the sun was shining on the Waldorf that day, too, but the *Tribune* did not find it newsworthy. The A. I. F. meeting was described as "an overflow crowd which jammed two auditoriums" (with 450 people); the N. C. A. S. P. panel session on writing and publishing was "attended by 500 partisan guests."

EXCEPT for the *Times*, all papers showed unmistakable selectivity in their coverage. Everything said or done which would help to pin the red label on the conference was featured; everything which might tend to cast a sympathetic light on it was ignored or buried. At the Friday press conference a hostile reporter tried to ask the Russians a question about what had happened to a long list of allegedly purged writers and scientists in the U. S. S. R. and was brushed off by Dr. Shapley. The headlines blared that the delegates were evading embarrassing questions. When the same question was asked at a panel discussion and answered in considerable detail, only the *Times* thought it worth mentioning.

More infuriating to the delegates and staff of the peace meeting than any of the printed accounts were the things some reporters did, not in an effort to get news, but as violent partisans of a point of view. Most of the incidents were trivial in themselves—insulting remarks to delegates, crude practical jokes like 4 a.m. telephone calls to summon delegates to fictitious emergency conferences. At the plenary session Julius Epstein of the *New Leader* alternated between conferring with *Journal-American* and *World-Telegram* reporters at the press table and removing his press badge, taking a seat among the delegates, and clamoring for recognition to make a speech. Two reporters at the Madison Square Garden meeting tried to persuade the house electrician to plunge the hall into darkness at one point.

To revert to Mrs. Roosevelt's word, "depressing." It is not less true because it has been said so often that this is a time of fateful decision in the world. There should be calm consideration of varying opinions on how to avoid war. Judgments should be based upon full information. We rely upon our newspapers to provide that information. Soviet journalists sneer at our vaunted freedom of the press, and say that we mean by it freedom to print lies and distortions, to misinform and mislead the people. Surely it is depressing to reflect how much we have done to prove them right.

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Britain: Hope Deferred

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

HOPE deferred, and a slight reduction in beer duty, is all that Sir Stafford Cripps can offer Britons looking for an easement of tax burdens, and a good many hearts, including some Labor ones, are pretty sick. Expectations that this year's budget, presented to Parliament on April 6, would include some tax relief had been based on both political and financial calculations. Since a general election is due within fifteen months, some people thought Cripps might follow distinguished precedents and produce a budget with popular appeal. This notion was reinforced by financial results for the year ending March 31. Gross revenue in the period reached a record total of $18,800 million, and there was a whacking surplus of $1,412 million.

The optimists might have known that the Chancellor of the Exchequer was the last man in the world to trim his sails to catch votes. "We have to face our economic and financial problems with realism," Cripps told the House of Commons, "and must not allow ourselves to be carried away by a quite understandable desire to court electoral popularity." Among the realities of which he took account were increasing expenditure for the armed forces and the social services, and a certain fall in revenue, which was swollen last year by non-recurring receipts. Thus even in purely financial terms his prospective surplus for 1949-50 did not permit any large remission of taxes if a deficit was to be avoided.

Cripps, for all his stern integrity, has not, as I know from conversation with him, become a convert to the old Treasury orthodoxy of budget-balancing for its own sake. If he is concerned this year, as last, to cover expenditure by revenue, it is because his task as Chancellor is subservient to his responsibility as Minister of Economic Planning for keeping the real budget—the budget of national resources—in balance. It is to achieve this end that he is continuing to use fiscal means to reduce inflationary pressures.

The nature of the problem was made clear in the recently published "Economic Survey for 1949," in which plans were set forth for the production and distribution of Britain's national income. The estimated total for the year is $40,000 million, an increase of $1,300 million over 1948. Of this amount 62 per cent, it is forecast, will be absorbed by personal consumption of goods and services; 18 per cent will be accounted for by current government expenditure, which in so far as it represents the provision of social services means additional consumption in the shape of medical care and so forth; the remaining 20 per cent is for investment, including provision for depreciation.

It has to be assumed that total national income cannot be importantly increased beyond this estimate, which allows for some rise in productivity, since the available labor force in Britain is almost fully employed. Consequently, in order to reduce taxation and so increase spendable income, it would be necessary to change the economic plan in one of several ways. The government could, for instance, decide to reduce its own expenditure by an equivalent amount, but as Cripps pointed out, defense charges cannot readily be cut pending a complete change in the international situation, while the cost of social services, which few Britons wish to curtail, must continue to rise as present schemes are fully developed.

Another alternative would be to cut down investment, which accounts for a considerably larger share of national income than in 1938. But it is largely on new investment that future improvements in Britain's standard of living depend. Total man-power can at best increase slowly, since the population is nearly stationary, so that a rising total of goods and services can be attained only by greater productivity. Moreover, in addition to new industrial plants, Britain needs to make heavy investments in houses, hospitals, schools, and other facilities which contribute to a higher standard of living.

What would be the effects of reducing taxation now? There would, of course, be more money in private pockets, but theoretically there would be no more goods on which to spend it. Probably, however, since Britain has a planned but not dictated economy, the inflationary forces which were curbed to a considerable extent last year would again make themselves felt. Rising prices for consumer goods would then tend to draw materials and man-power away from the capital and export industries. As a result not only would investment begin to shrink in the industries where it is most needed, but the really extraordinary progress Britain has been making toward reestablishing its balance of international payments would be checked. And hopes of independence of American aid when E. R. P. ends in 1952 would be dimmed. It is not surprising, therefore, that Cripps should ask his fellow-countrymen to keep their belts tight a little longer and so consolidate recovery.

Some of his Labor critics fear, however, that in maintaining anti-inflation measures he is fighting an enemy already slain instead of preparing to meet a new one. They believe there is now danger that the economic plan

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will be upset by people failing to purchase their allotted share of the national product. They point to worldwide indications of disinflation and ask for steps to forestall a slump before the dismal problem of unemployment reappears. Undeniably, this possibility exists, but the chance of serious unemployment in Britain in the near future would seem rather remote. Any slack in jobs that develops in the consumer-goods industries should easily be taken up by the many trades which still have a crying need for more workers. Moreover, British plans for capital expenditure, which to a considerable extent are under government control, provide a stabilizing influence absent in this country. Should, nevertheless, external causes threaten to bring on unemployment in Britain, there is little doubt that Cripps would take the necessary fiscal steps to counteract it. For he shares the Socialist conception of public finance as a tool which can be readily adjusted when the economic job it has to do changes.

Japan: Gibraltar or Bataan?

BY WILLIAM COSTELLO

Tokyo, April

SECRETARY of the Army Kenneth Royall's statement that in a war emergency Japan might be an albatross around the neck of the American military establishment silenced some of the crowd noises here, but it is doubtful whether the full implications of this thesis have been digested. Tokyo correspondents who attended the gossipy off-the-record session at which Mr. Royall aired his views have generally overlooked the fact that the Secretary was talking about Japan but thinking about Asia.

Mr. Royall's contention rests on certain assumptions, not all of which have been explicitly acknowledged in either military or civilian circles. Put briefly, these are: (1) Any war in the last half of the twentieth century will differ radically from the modified nineteenth-century mayhem of 1914-18 and the more elaborate experiments of World War II. (2) Fuel (oil) is the Achilles heel of nations engaged in modern warfare; and the best base is no better than the amount of fuel which can be stored there and defended for the use of airplanes and ships in the area. (3) The deciding factors in the choice of a modern base are space for dispersed landing strips, opportunity for both offensive and defensive maneuvers, and a limited local demand for supplies. A large population to be provisioned represents a logistics burden, not an effective combat reserve. (4) Long-range bombers make old strategic concepts obsolete. (5) East Asia is not self-sufficient in fuel. High-octane gasoline is not produced anywhere between the Ural Mountains and Australia, except in limited quantities in Borneo and the Netherlands East Indies. Since large-scale air operations may burn a tanker of fuel every two days, and since the coast of Asia is 8,000 miles from the California oil fields, it is obvious that the lack of fuel production in Asia dominates all other strategic considerations.

The logical inference from these assumptions is that only the United States could fight an air war in Asia. Only the United States possesses the necessary tonnage of naval and merchant shipping to solve the logistics problem, as General Douglas MacArthur so incisively implied in referring recently to the Pacific as "an American lake." If in 1941 the American frontier was at the Rhine, in 1949 California's outer expendable defenses are on the Pacific islands that extend from the Aleutians through Japan, Okinawa, Formosa, the Philippines, and Borneo to Sumatra.

This is the military concept behind Secretary Royall's statement. When he discounted Japan, he was merely voicing a brutal pragmatism which has been crystallizing since the end of the war. He was accepting Asia as a fact, not as a fictitious preconception. American military men whose experience has been limited to Europe think easily of civilian populations as pools of skilled manpower capable of swift integration into the American war machine. Those who know Asia think of the frightened Korean woman who was asked by an American soldier which side she was on. "I am on yours," she said, eyeing his carbine; "you are strong."

Asia is a vast sea of poverty, illiteracy, superstition, misery, and chaos. It is underprivileged and exploited, politically immature and morally adrift, often its own worst enemy. It is a primitive battlefield of rudimentary appetites. And it is a military anachronism. The order of battle in Asia is the ultimate refinement of guerrilla tactics—powerful scattered rendezvous which can be made self-supporting and no more. High officers concede that the next war may start with atom bombs, but none of them believe it will be won by them. A base to be of any value must be good for the long haul.

Secretary Royall's unorthodox dissertation on strategy

WILLIAM COSTELLO is Far Eastern news director for the Columbia Broadcasting System. He is about to start home by way of India and the Middle East and will write regularly for The Nation *about the countries he visits en route.*

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seems to have fathered a notion that he was tossing a harpoon at General MacArthur. Canny insiders scoff at such gossip. One correspondent said cynically: "As supreme commander MacArthur is acting the part of pro-consul, but don't ever forget this: by temperament and training he is a professional gunman, a killer. He never lets his feelings get in the way of his military genius."

MISCONCEPTIONS about MacArthur's attitude have arisen largely from the fact that he has nurtured among his staff officers a group preaching the pseudo-military dogma that Japan could be developed as a "barrier against communism" in Asia. Basically, the supreme commander believes Asiatic communism should be fought on the mainland, should be prevented from spreading to the islands of the western Pacific. Nevertheless, he would be the last to advocate a war-time operational strategy which magnified his logistics problem; he still remembers the scanty resources with which he fought his way back from Australia to the Philippines. And MacArthur is aware that in another war Europe would have the same imperious priority. To operate from Japan in such a contingency would be military suicide. His earlier toleration of the "barrier" school of thought may be interpreted as indulgent political temporizing.

While MacArthur is not in conflict with Royall's thesis, he was not the original sponsor of the doctrine that Asiatic military diamonds come in small packages. Lieutenant General Ennis Whitehead, commander of the Far East Air Force, and Lieutenant General Albert Wedemeyer, chief of plans and operations at the Pentagon, were the first to be convinced that the logistic waste of keeping Japan and China in a war would more than offset their usefulness as a source of man-power. These men and others know with what ease Japan could be paralyzed with submarines and fire bombs and with what magical swiftness even well-trained Chinese armies evaporate under pressure. They know the Pacific theater was short-changed in World War II and will probably be again. One general who is especially articulate on this subject said, "All we need to do with Japan is keep it neutralized!" So far debate has centered on Japan, but the logical extension of the doctrine takes in China also. If the support of Japan's economy and civilian population in war time would be a liability, what military asset could be found in China, which is even more backward industrially?

The question is made pertinent by the panicky insistence of some American Senators on pouring another billion and a half dollars down the Chinese rathole. The application of the Royall doctrine is not even being perceived in Washington. However, an astute American correspondent—a hard-boiled anti-Communist—observed recently after his first visit to China: "Without American arms there could be no real war in China, at least none that threatened the peace of other nations. If the United States goes on providing munitions to any faction or regime in China, we are morally responsible for all the blood that may be shed."

General MacArthur

Sooner or later Royall's thesis will have to be accepted or repudiated in its entirety. It is not enough to say the United States has no moral obligation to defend Japan and no sound military reason for doing so. If the doctrine is correct, it must be applied in the whole "have-not" region of the Far East. Sentimental Senators will contribute nothing to the stabilization of America's Far Eastern policy by making assumptions for China which are invalid for Japan, or vice versa.

The immediate upshot of the controversy started by Mr. Royall is that military theorizers who wanted to erect a barrier against communism in Japan have about decided to haul down their colors. Since no appeal can be made to the American public on sentimental grounds, Japan's future will be largely determined by economic expediency. The impact of this reorientation on the Japanese has been profound. One school of clever casuists had imagined that Japan could play Russia and the United States off against each other. They are now painfully aware that Japan must work its passage and that any flirtation with communism is more likely to end in rape than in courtship.

American policy-makers have still a final contradiction to resolve. It has been decided in Washington that Japan must be made safe for American investors, that American capital must be able to use Japanese cheap labor to produce for Asiatic markets. Of course, the most important of these markets will be China. But there seems every likelihood that China will be dominated by the red regime of Mao Tse-tung. And the Communists have been alienated by American aid to the Nationalists. Further American aid, such as is now being proposed in Congress, might alienate them completely. If China should refuse to do business with America, the boycott might easily be extended to Japanese products made with American capital, and the result would be economic disaster in Japan.

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Out Damned Spot!

BY CAROLUS

[*The German Industrial Fair which is discussed below in articles by "Carolus" and Robert Bradford opened at the Museum of Science and Industry in New York City on April 9. More than five hundred firms are exhibiting their products, from sports clothes, costume jewelry, beer, and wines to Diesel motors, automobiles, and farm machinery. Three hundred German business men and women have come to America to show their firms' wares, after a screening by the Military Government. Almost a hundred and fifty others, one-time Nazis, were refused admission. The fair has the sanction of the British and French governments. Several months ago its formal name was changed from "Germany '49" to "Military Government Exhibition."*

"Carolus" is the pseudonym of The Nation's *correspondent in western Germany. An exile from Germany during the Hitler regime, he was a pre-war German trade-union leader and is now a special adviser on social and economic matters to the occupation authorities.*]

Frankfurt, March 27

IN A praiseworthy endeavor to provide work for the German people, and incidentally to relieve the American taxpayer of an annual bill for their support running to a billion dollars, General Lucius D. Clay's Military Government is staging a German Industrial Fair in the United States. The citizens of New York will be able presently to inspect and admire the fruits of German craftsmanship and technical skill.

Two German products will be conspicuously absent from the fair—"Cyklon B" and "Persil." Cyklon B is a hydrocyanic-acid product made before and during the war by a firm called "Degesch" (*Deutsche Gesellschaft für Schädlingsbekämpfung*—German Pest Control Company), a subsidiary of I. G. Farben, the dye trust. It happens that at the present time the former general manager of Degesch, a certain Dr. Peters, and two of his associates are being tried in Frankfurt in a German civilian court for crimes against humanity. According to the evidence, Cyklon B was supplied in large quantities to the Auschwitz concentration camp, where it was used to exterminate four and a half million men, women, and children. The Frankfurt trial has been dragging on for weeks. By the time the New York fair opens, the verdict will probably have been returned. The prosecutor has asked for fifteen years for Peters, half that term for his associates.*

In the face of the mass murder of four and a half million people, the degree of punishment meted out to these gentlemen does not seem too important. I. G. Farben executives have already been acquitted by a military tribunal at Nürnberg, and the German civilian judges to whom the lesser fry have been left are following the line marked out there. What is noteworthy in the proceedings at Frankfurt is the revelations that have been made about the indifference of the German people to what went on at Auschwitz.

The defendants are intelligent, well-educated, able men. For years not a single grain of hydrocyanic acid could leave their plant or their warehouse without elaborate, government-imposed safety measures. Then suddenly Cyklon B was shipped out by the ton on the mere order of an S. S. officer. Non-German radio stations began to report mass exterminations in the German concentration camps. Tens of thousands of Germans secretly listened to these broadcasts. Hundreds of Germans were employed as guards and in other capacities in the camps. Neither they nor the defendants ever heard, saw, or even dreamed of the use to which these tons of hydrocyanic acid were being put. They were not interested.

An unimpeachable witness at the Frankfurt trial has testified that he saw Dr. Peters at Buchenwald. The witness had had to look on as his sister and her five children were taken to the gas chambers. Peters denies ever having inspected the Auschwitz camp and any knowledge of what the gas was used for.

S. S. officers, clergymen, teachers, former guards from the camps, and numberless others have been questioned at Frankfurt. All their stories have been alike. They knew nothing about any gas. When they were reminded that eyewitnesses had mentioned the clouds of smoke that rose from the furnaces at Auschwitz on some days and the pervasive stench of cadavers, it always turned out that they had not been in camp on that particular day or that the wind had been blowing away from them.

Day after day the German newspapers run pages of news about sports, entertainment, film stars, murder trials, new plays and books. But even the Frankfurt press can spare no more than fifty or sixty lines a day for the Degesch trial—for the story of how human beings were driven into the gas chambers in batches of fifteen hundred, of their screams of anguish, of their death throes. And the space devoted to the trial decreases with the distance from Frankfurt. The German public does not want to read about such things.

Worse yet, in Munich and elsewhere Nazi and S. S. criminals, accused of murder and other crimes, still proudly pledge their allegiance to their Führer, Hitler.

* On March 29, according to the files of the New York *Herald Tribune*, Dr. Peters was sentenced to five years' imprisonment. His associates were acquitted.

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They rant against this "law dictated by the enemy" that forces them into court. They bemoan the fact that far too many Jews are left in Germany, and the spectators break into applause. Counsel for Dr. Peters advised the court that it need not take possible reaction abroad into account, since the world was not interested in the Degesch trial and had become wholly indifferent to Auschwitz.

And now New York will stage a German Industrial Fair. The Germans, a romantic and at bottom unhappy people, conclude that all other nations have a memory as short as their own. Even today they feel they have been unjustly persecuted; more than that, they think foreign countries are morally and materially indebted to them. It is for these reasons that an account of Cyklon B seemed in order.

PERSIL is a soap powder long popular in Europe for laundering and bleaching dirty linen. Before the war it was advertised everywhere; the name was even spread across the German sky by airplanes. In 1945, when the denazification law was imposed upon them, the Germans remembered Persil. Thousands of Nazis asked themselves: How can I show my innocence? How can I wash myself lily-white? The answer sprang to mind in a hundred different localities at the same time—use Persil: get from someone the equivalent of a Persil coupon, the slip of paper that used to be inclosed in the Persil box entitling the buyer to a rebate or premium.

Nazis who had left the church under the Hitler regime now asked for clerical testimony to their piety or to their generous charitable contributions. "Persil coupons" were written for them by complaisant clergymen. Jewish D. P.'s and the survivors of concentration camps were offered substantial bribes for similar documents. German émigrés in New York, London, and Paris received a flood of letters asking for a certificate by return mail. There was a wild scramble for a "Jewish grandmother."

The denazification law divided former Nazis into five groups—major offenders, activists, minor offenders, followers, and exonerated. The need for proof of innocence —for a so-called Persil coupon—increased with the degree of criminal involvement; the accused person sought a certificate that he had entered the Nazi Party only under coercion, that although he had left the church he had remained at heart a devout Christian, that he had labored within the party to prevent the worst excesses. The pearl beyond price, of course, was a "Persil coupon" made out by a Jew—even though he may have lived in central Asia at the time—certifying that the Nazi had helped him. Millions of such certificates have been submitted to the courts in recent years. And denazification has been the greatest farce of all time. The Nazis had money. They had food. They still wield economic power. They have been able to get as many "Persil coupons" and character witnesses as they needed.

The denazification proceedings have spawned fraud, perjury, corruption, and finally terror. First the Nazis and their henchmen used every form of bribery and social pressure to clear themselves; then when they saw how easy it was, they used terror to save money. Prosecution witnesses began to retract their written depositions in court. By 1947 no villager dared to testify publicly against a Nazi. True, many Nazis have been sentenced or fined by the denazification courts, some heavily; but the great majority are simply laughing up their sleeves.

One big industrialist and war profiteer, part owner of the Opel automobile works, a former member of the Nazi Party and one of its financial backers, a man who employed thousands of prisoners of war and slave laborers, was fined 2,000 marks, at the time the equivalent of 400 American cigarettes. On the other hand, thousands of postal and railroad workers, day laborers and petty white-collar employees, men who got thirty or forty marks in their weekly pay envelope, have been put in the same criminal group as wealthy industrialists and made to pay the same fines, often losing their jobs to boot. Yet these were often poor wretches who, because they must have bread for their children, dared not resist the pressure to join the party or one of its subsidiaries.

A few days ago a denazification court acquitted Herr Florian, former *Gauleiter* of Düsseldorf, a criminal on a large scale and one of the most powerful figures in the Nazi hierarchy. The largest fine a village denazification court would impose on Hindenburg's son and political manager, who helped Hitler to power, was 2,000 marks. In 1948 Herr Schacht, once president of Hitler's Reichsbank, who financed German rearmament with loans from the United States and Great Britain, was sentenced to eight years in a labor camp in the American zone. On appeal he was acquitted. The government appealed in turn, and a day was set for the trial. Schacht simply failed to appear. He sits in the British zone writing books and editorials, and neither the military nor the civilian authorities have compelled him to obey the summons of the court.

To the credit of the American administrators it must be said that they have been most zealous in their endeavors to create respect for the denazification law. But in the face of a "Persil coupon" even General Clay was powerless. The work of the denazification courts is now at an end, and judges and prosecutors are being victimized. They are unable to find employment, either in private industry or in the civil service. In the American-occupied state of Württemberg the former members of the denazification courts a few weeks ago implored the Military Government to help them get work so they could support their families.

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Hitler Would Have Been Proud of Them

BY ROBERT BRADFORD

New York, April 8

IN THE fortnight of April 9-24 German firms will be exhibiting their goods at a German Industrial Fair in Rockefeller Center in New York. Some 530 firms are scheduled to participate in this exposition, which is sponsored by the American Military Government in Germany. The products of between forty and fifty of the largest bear the swastika trademark.

The catalogue of exhibits shows clearly that these German industrialists would like to put the Fatherland back on a war-industry basis. In full-page advertisements numerous companies describe themselves as thoroughly equipped to manufacture and deliver every article a country needs to fight a modern war. Diesel engines, hydraulic presses, liquefied chlorine gas, heavy trucks and vehicles, and many other items adaptable to war use are prominently displayed.

Lanz, one of the biggest exhibitors, a Baden concern, was one of the first firms to break the Versailles treaty by supplying Hitler with weapons for his secret armies; its owners and directors were among Hitler's chief financial backers. Five of the factories exhibiting were stolen bodily from Czechoslovakia by the Germans. Although Ribbentrop was hanged as one of the ten major war criminals, the catalogue contains an advertisement of Henkell champagne, which is owned by his immediate family. Americans who want to give still more business to former Nazis can drink this champagne out of glasses made by the Rosenthal Chinaware Company, which boasted of its loyalty to the party in Hitler's own newspaper, the *Völkischer Beobachter*. For those whose taste runs to beer, the Unterberg-Albrecht and Löwenbrau firms, close allies of the Hitler regime, will show their products.

American Military Government officials are trying to keep secret the names of the German business men who are here for the exposition lest as former friends of Hitler they get the kind of treatment given his favorite pianist, Walter Gieseking. Russell Birdwell's public-relations outfit has been hired to preserve the hush-hush and drum up good feeling for the fair. The Non-Sectarian Anti-Nazi League and members of both houses of Congress have made repeated demands for a list of these men but so far have got nothing except regrets from General Clay and a polite acknowledgment from the Secretary of Defense. More than a third of the names originally recommended by the Bizonal Administration were struck off the list by General Clay, but some of the worst Nazis had already left for the United States.

A man named Peter Pixis was Hitler's chief organizer of Nazi propaganda fairs abroad; during the war he specialized in setting up exhibitions in enemy countries that were to be overrun or in neutral countries that were to be bullied. The American Military Government chose Pixis to stage the fair in New York. His clearance was later withdrawn, over the bitter protests of William John Logan, New York banker and director of the Joint Import-Export Agency, but his wife, Gerda Pixis, had already arrived in New York. Now Gerda Pixis is in charge of layouts at the exposition.

The Non-Sectarian Anti-Nazi League obtained the removal of Dr. Herbert Gross, a former Nazi agent, from the exposition committee. Dr. Gross's activities were exposed by a Congressional committee, and he was expelled from the Foreign Press Association for fraud and unprofessional conduct. Although the doctor will not be here in person to greet his friends, the catalogue carries a half-page advertisement of a newspaper of which he is director, *Handelsblatt*, the largest German trade journal.

Backers of the exposition have started a secret drive for the support of German American organizations whose ties to the Fatherland are closer than to America. At a carefully guarded meeting at the headquarters of the New York Liederkranz on March 28 these organizations agreed to mobilize 20,000 members to attend the exhibition in Rockefeller Center as "a duty to the Fatherland." "In this way," it was explained at the meeting, "the impression can be created that the American public is greatly interested in this exhibit, and the large number of daily visitors can be used to stampede American buyers into believing that the fair is important to them." At the same meeting Yorkville friends of the Reich were told that a steady flow of visitors would keep the American Military Government, "which has helped so much by its understanding attitude on denazification," from getting into trouble with Congress over the huge sums of money spent in this effort to put exports of German low-wage industries back on the American market. Various patriotic organizations, on the other hand, may be expected to picket the fair.

At present it is planned to take the exhibits to Milwaukee, Chicago, Pittsburgh, and Buffalo. The delegates to the recent Cultural and Scientific Conference for World Peace were not allowed to stay long or to leave New York, but it seems that the 300-odd German business men, many of them known Nazis, may travel about the United States looking for orders.

ROBERT BRADFORD is on the staff of the Non-Sectarian Anti-Nazi League.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

The Autobiography of Morris Cohen

A DREAMER'S JOURNEY. The autobiography of Morris Raphael Cohen. The Beacon Press and the Free Press. $4.

STUDIES IN PHILOSOPHY AND SCIENCE. By Morris R. Cohen. Henry Holt and Company. $4.50.

WITHIN even the short two years since his death, the stature of Morris Cohen has increased. Possibly this is because in our present mood, beset by political anxieties and pervaded by the awful rediscovery of the sinfulness of man, fine metaphysical distinctions among pragmatists, realists, and idealists no longer seem so fundamental. The man who asked if it were not enough to have cleaned the Augean stables of philosophy looms in the current perspective no longer as a wholly destructive critic but as the philosopher who possessed, more than most of his contemporaries, a source of inward strength.

The republication, under the title of "Studies in Philosophy and Science," of his scattered essays, most of which appeared in technical journals between 1910 and 1940 but which are readable beyond most of the pages in those periodicals, witnesses the range of his knowledge and the untiring ferocity of his analysis. Nobody he discusses—Bacon, Dewey, Hegel, Royce—comes off unscathed, but it is not these demolitions that now so much impress the reader as the little observations along the way: "Even in science half a loaf is better than nothing at all, especially if the whole loaf is unattainable even to the specialist himself." A philosopher who could achieve such non-academic simplicity drew upon other stores of experience than meetings of the Philosophical Association—if only upon a life-long devotion to the New York Giants. The logician who defined logic as "a study of the exhaustive possibilities of all being" was himself an existent being first and a logician only thereafter.

So it is both ironic and fitting that with the posthumous publication of his autobiography, even though it was left unfinished and the last chapters are fragments, there appears the book by which Morris Cohen will be longest and most widely remembered. It will demand a permanent place among the classics of immigrant narrative, and one not too far behind the greater classics of intellectual biography. And because it reveals in human terms, with humility and yet with a touch of vanity, the sources from which his strength was gathered, it explains why he conspicuously succeeded in writing philosophy that can be read as literature.

Especially rich are the chapters on his boyhood in Russia, his first experiences in New York, and the association with Thomas Davidson. Four chapters grouped under the heading Jewish Social Studies and American Democracy are stalwart affirmations of liberalism, but in them the narrative interest is sacrificed to an argument that comes close to special pleading. He did not so well digest his experience with the various aspects of "the Jewish problem" as he did that of his boyhood in Minsk; perhaps he could not, since it was evidently more painful to him than the beatings his grandfather had administered. He moralizes that there is needed a special Anti-Defamation League to protect Jews against the slander of their fellow-Jews, but one could wish that in these chapters he had told his story with the same forthrightness he achieved in the earlier ones.

There is, indeed, a quality about the whole book which, apart from the uncompleted state, somehow prevents even the best of its pages from realizing the greatness they promise. It is, I suspect, the defect of Cohen's special virtue—and he would be the first to demand that no man's shortcomings be passed over. For all his transparent honesty, there is a singular remoteness in his attitude toward the experiences he relates, even the most poignant. It is not, certainly, concealment, and it is not mere philosophical detachment; it is rather a kind of distrust. It is related, I should hazard, to his unique achievement as a philosopher and logician. "Experience alone," he said, "cannot prove the absolute impossibility of things that have not as yet occurred." Because early in life he was given this insight, he was indeed a stray dog among American philosophers of the last generation, when most Americans, responding along with Dewey to the spirit of the age, fell in love with experience and found too late that empiricism is an ambiguous mistress. This may raise the question of whether it is not better to have loved and been betrayed rather than never to have ventured, and there is a certain coolness, or lack of physical dimension, even in those passages where Cohen strove for the greatest warmth. This is not to say that he was without warmth or love of life—far from it; but he was inherently cautious about being intellectually cuckolded. He said that he wanted this autobiography to express all that *his* philosophic reflection had meant to him, and he succeeded in conveying, by the very texture of the writing, precisely the quality that made him the arch-critic of all over-confident expectations. For that reason he was both a lonely man and a strong one. So he could but stand by while the course of events once more showed human experience to be as faithless or as wanton as she has been through the ages, and so endeavor, sardonically and yet tenderly, to remind a bumptious America that "the forces at the basis of the stellar universe create and destroy man, while the converse is not true." PERRY MILLER

Calamity John Jewkes

ORDEAL BY PLANNING. By John Jewkes. The Macmillan Company. $3.75.

JOHN JEWKES is professor of political economy at the University of Manchester. His attack on British planning was published quietly in this country last summer and has gradually gained support from those who believe it is possible and desirable for Britain to go back to the "free economy." Because, like Hayek and a few others, he repre-

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sents scholarly dissent on the side of old-fashioned liberalism, his position is worth careful examination by those who disagree with him.

In his preface Jewkes sets forth that while every sensible economy is a mixed system, there is "a watershed in these matters" where the difference between "liberty and slavery is irrevocably determined." Britain, he argues, is sliding down the slavery side of the watershed. "Either we go forward to more planning or we go back to the free-price mechanism and all that is bound up with it." The choice, he thinks, has to be made in the immediate future.

Such a momentous issue deserves responsible discussion. Unfortunately, the book begins with a debater's trick. The first chapter assumes the truth of what the author has set out to prove, and inquires why so many excellent men have been seized by the "mania" of planning. They are, it appears, well-intentioned but woolly thinkers. All planning must turn out as it has turned out in Russia. The legitimate aspirations of the planners will necessarily be "completely and finally frustrated" by planning itself. It is not permissible to compare a Socialist blueprint with the faltering operation of the actual "free economy"; the only fair comparison is between the Russia that we know and the Great Britain or the United States that we know. With these vigorous but almost unsupported assertions the author tries to discredit his opponents before he begins to present his case.

Strangely enough, he starts his presentation by refuting not any planner or any Socialist but Professor Schumpeter of Harvard, who in his "Capitalism, Socialism, and Democracy" argued that the business man is becoming obsolete because his function is gone, and because he does not act vigorously enough to defend himself. Schumpeter was not concerned to prove that socialism would be better than the old order, or even that it is necessary for human welfare under new conditions; he merely attempted to trace economic evolution. Socialists have rarely argued, as Schumpeter does, that business men cannot "say boo to a goose" and are so politically helpless that they are unable not only to govern but to protect their own class interests against the criticism of intellectuals. This excursion serves Jewkes's purpose by furnishing the occasion for an ill-tempered attack on unnamed "leftist intellectuals" who are assumed to be the mainspring of the new order. The comic disparity between Schumpeter's view of the captains of industry and that of such writers as the Webbs and Laski is magically converted by this author into a contradiction which is considered to disprove the conclusion held by both—that private enterprise is on the decline.

Mr. Jewkes makes a rather feeble attempt to undermine the generally held belief that there is a tendency toward business concentration by citing a 1935 table showing the large number of small firms, judged by the average number employed. This argument soon becomes confused with the question whether large size is required for efficiency, which is a different matter altogether. Almost nobody believes that desire for greater efficiency is the chief motive for combination, or that too large and less efficient concerns must necessarily go under in competition with smaller ones. The real point is that if a "free-price system" is to work properly there must be effective price competition, and with this point Jewkes inevitably agrees; he admits there is too much monopoly. But he barely gets around to an attempt to show how it might be sufficiently minimized so that the system could operate satisfactorily. Without a convincing demonstration that enough competition exists or can be created, his whole argument collapses. For if prices are not competitively determined, they must be determined by somebody's judgment, and the contention of the anti-planning school is that nobody's judgment is good enough to determine them—least of all that of the monopolist or oligopolist.

The one interference with the market which Jewkes does sanction is the Keynesian compensatory fiscal policy. This alone, he believes, would be sufficient to cure all ills if private enterprise were left to work out the details of investment, prices, and production within the Keynesian framework. But surely Keynes himself, economic liberal though he was, did not apply so rigid a limit to the interventions necessary for Britain's survival of the post-war crisis. He was acutely conscious of the ominous deficit in the trade balance caused by the loss of foreign investments, which Jewkes brushes aside with a sentence or two. In negotiating the loan agreement in Washington he spent almost his last strength holding to the need for exchange control, import regulation, and other mechanisms of planning which Jewkes regards as evil, even for the emergency.

Indeed, one has to wait almost until the end of the book in order to learn how, if the author rejects the controls now utilized to further Britain's recovery, he would hope to achieve it. On page 234—the book ends with page 243—he finally devotes a couple of paragraphs to his positive contribution. The state should have done nothing except to restrict the volume of money and thus to prevent inflation. (More easily said than done, in the post-war situation!) The foreign-exchange rate would have been left free to fluctuate; the deficit in the balance of payments would have forced it down. This would have increased exports and reduced imports. "If the nation was living at a level beyond its means, the fact would have been immediately signaled to all, and

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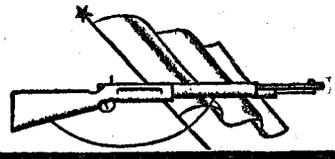

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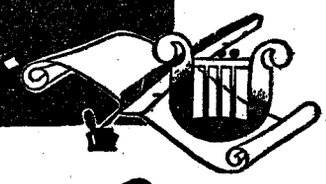

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The Big Town

OATH OF DEVOTION. By Julius Isaacs. E. P. Dutton and Company. $4.50.

FROM now until November 8 next, New York City's mayoralty campaign will be a page-one story all across the country, especially if accompanied by the loads of dirt which are already piling up long before any nominations have been filed. Nothing lifts the heart of an editor west of the Hudson quicker than a story of the Big Town's political corruption and moral decay. Though the Main Street of his own town may be jammed with illicit traffic, and from the lovely old manse on the hilltop to the neat little bungalows along Pleasant Valley Road, vice, for all its "frightful mien," is sedulously embraced, the editor knows that his readers want regular confirmation of their sturdily held faith, a part of the American heritage, that New York City is a stinking cesspool of corruption. When a native New Yorker like Julius Isaacs, writes a book affirming that for him the city, "its people, its schools, its museums, its toughness, its noise, its music, its poetry," has been "a stimulation and a challenge" and that furthermore he loves the place, he is written off by the hinterlanders as a Chamber of Commerce chauvinist, à la Grover Whalen, or a hopeless escapist running away from himself through the Algonquin, Lindy's, and the Stork Club.

This autobiography by a former city magistrate, though it may shatter the belief of the visiting firemen from Bended Elbow, Wyoming, that all true New Yorkers either sleep on subway benches in the Times Square station or under tables in Greenwich Village bistros, is a testimony to the stimulating impact of the city upon a sensitive, outgoing personality who has never forgotten the oath of devotion he swore upon his graduation from the College of the City of New York back in 1917. That oath taken after the manner of the Athenian youths about to enter public life, ends: "We will strive to transmit this city not lesser but greater, better, and more beautiful than it was transmitted to us."

It is heartening that so many of the city's distinguished citizens, graduates of its colleges and high schools, have lived up to the spirit of the "Ephebic Oath," though they may have forgotten or never have heard of it. In all the five boroughs of Greater New York devoted public servants like Mr. Isaacs, mindful of "their suffering comrades in the ranks," go about their unspectacular business of enriching the city's economic, social, and cultural life, without benefit of press agents. They are in city departments and settlement houses, in liberal, progressive, and radical political organizations and trade unions, on city planning boards and magistrates' courts, taking it quite for granted that they should be rendering service to the great city in which they were born or which they have adopted in preference to any other place on the globe. "Oath of Devotion" is the story of "the tenth child of immigrant parents, educated in the public schools, in a public high school

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and a public college." A veteran of World War I, Mr. Isaacs "taught night school, had several years' business experience, studied law at night, and had ten years' active private experience in the practice of law; served the city for twelve years as assistant coporation counsel, rising to be acting corporation counsel in charge of real estate and condemnation; was appointed a city magistrate and also sat for a time as a justice of the Court of Special Sessions." Now at the age of fifty-two, with years of service ahead, he can look back on a rounded life filled with civilized interests, ranging from painting to penology.

The author mingles his personal and public life with the sounds and sights of New York and of other world capitals as well, and though his story of his emergence from the old East Side tenements is a familiar one, it is well to have it told again in these days of denial that any good may come out of "Megalopolis." Certainly the author has arrived at his favorable verdict on urban environment after considering all the evidence, pro and con. A corporation counsel working on condemnation proceedings gets to know the city very literally from the ground up, and a police-court magistrate has daily paraded before him such an aggregation of "suffering comrades in the ranks" as to dismay all but the most courageous of souls. It was Fiorello LaGuardia who had the good sense to make Mr. Isaacs a magistrate, and Mr. Isaacs's reminiscences of that complex, unpredictable, half-genius, half-playboy personality make a notable contribution to the fast-growing collection of LaGuardiana.

MCALISTER COLEMAN

"Athenians out of Spartans"

HISTORY, A GUIDE TO PEACE. By Erno Wittmann. Columbia Uuiversity Press. $5.50.

FEW scholars could claim that subsequent events have verified their preconceived political theories of history. Dr. Wittmann, who thirty years ago in his "Past and Future of the Right of National Self-Determination" predicted that this principle of the Paris Peace Conference would not succeed in settling the problems of war-torn Europe, is one of them. Now the author faces an even more formidable predicament, and anyone not bent on the universal suicide of mankind can but hope that his predictions and suggestions will once more be borne out.

Written not only out of a full command of American and European literature but out of an amazing knowledge of historical events, this work is, indeed, composed of two books. One expands the author's views on the concepts of nation and state; the other applies his theory to war and peace at present. Starting from the thesis that the systems of the universe are interdependent and that the society of men is one of its organisms, he accepts the ethnocentric character of the nation. One might ask whether the Swiss nation and the Belgian nation are nations at all. They certainly are, and it is from the true spirit of democracy that Switzerland derives its strength. In view of the diversity of definitions Dr. Wittmann's could be challenged, but his thesis that the society of men, like that of plants, is an organism is as unassailable as his explanation of the integration and disintegration of human groups or of the way in which cooperation and exchange create a loose organization which finally develops into a united state. Similarly an evolutionary process led to the hierarchy of states. Once Rome, and in our time the British Empire, became "the political and economic arbiter for the world." It is the author's contention that revolution will follow revolution until an order similar to the Pax Britannica is established.

This argument scarcely supports those who believe that their dream of a world state can be realized by drafting an elaborate constitution. It would not be easy to refute the reasoning that "for the federation of all united states into a world state the same conditions are prerequisite as for the merging of groups into a nation" because "a body must exist before it can have a nervous system." It is the backbone of the author's theory that a community must exist before it can be organized. This evolutionary process leads eventually to the federation of states.

Unlike the hierarchy of states, their total community is seldom balanced. This lack of balance results in violence. In explaining the causes of war the author seems to get involved in inconsistency. One of his contentions is that

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"wars are caused by malaise paired with an idea of remedying it"; another that wars of this century "were caused by unjustified aggression." However, we must not overlook how war itself has changed since the time when it was no longer a weapon of religious fanaticism, and not yet a weapon of nationalist fanaticism, when it was, in Toynbee's phrase, "a relatively civilized warfare," "a sport of kings." In our age both cases cited by the author have been combined with the sport of dictators, bellicose minorities, and nationalistic megalomaniacs.

What is the remedy? Peace can be restored only, as Dr. Wittmann proves in his analysis of peace agreements, by the alleviation of discontent and by education "to make Athenians out of Spartans." In order to secure peace the prerequisites for a balance have to be established. Careful examination of the status quo shows that only two powers, the United States and the U. S. S. R., "seem to be on the road to integration."

In his conclusions Dr. Wittmann is cautious and conservative but as unbiased as it is possible to be at present. "I do not mean to suggest," he says, "that the present rulers of the U. S. S. R. necessarily envisage world domination as their aim." He contradicts himself somewhat when he refuses to grant "that the United States, like the U. S. S. R., aims to dominate the world." But he is frank and fair to admit that regardless of final aims the United States too protects its life line with vassal states. He maintains, however, that there is a difference between "the American creed" and the Bolshevist agitation, and some dissimilarity between "education" and "social engineering" or "indoctrination."

Extremely realistic is the picture the author presents of the "divided world island." He convincingly proves that neither a "new Crimean War" nor a "better understanding of the oneness of the world" can settle our vital problem and that a contradiction exists between the United Nations Charter and rearmament. Nothing but external and internal chaos can result from a new Armageddon; a third power, the *"salon des réfusés* of an ideologically divided world" acting as a balancer as Britain did earlier, is the only hope of mankind, "but apparently first a deluge must wash away narrow nationalism." I wonder if the adjective is not pleonastic.

This book, the work of a highly educated, conscientious mind, must provoke objections from some, appreciation from many, but thought from all of its readers. (My own minor objection is that there are too many long quotations which the clear train of the author's ideas sometimes makes redundant.) The statesmen who are hurling abuses and innuendoes at each other could spend their time more profitably in reading this book.

RUSTEM VAMBERY

[Rustem Vambery was one of Hungary's leading liberals in the decades before World War II. He came to the United States in 1938. He was the author of "Hungary—to Be or Not to Be" and was a regular contributor to The Nation. *This review was written just before his recent death.]*

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Drama

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

IT MAY seem to you that an undertaker's parlor is a rather gruesome scene for a farce-comedy. You may think that a story about the corpse of a well-hated tycoon which comes to life on the embalmer's table promises little in the way of healthful hilarity. When I add that the two principal characters are drunk during almost the entire course of the action, you may even think this seems to guarantee rather too much of such elementary fun as intoxication affords. But why go on? For the truth of the matter is that if you think these things about "The Biggest Thief in Town" (Mansfield Theater) you will be all too right. There are rare, much too rare, moments which are moderately laughable, but the total effect is somewhat ghoulish and almost continuously boresome.

The only real problem is why Dalton Trumbo the author, Lee Sabinson the producer, and Herman Shumlin the director ever thought it would be otherwise. No doubt they were not unmindful of the stunning success of "Arsenic and Old Lace," but though I had some uneasy scruples about praising even that play without reservations, it at least belonged in a very different category from "The Biggest Thief in Town." In the first place "Arsenic and Old Lace" was richly inventive so far as incident was concerned, whereas the new piece is mostly padding—the author, who does not really begin his story until the curtain is almost ready to descend on the first act, seems desperately afraid that he cannot spin his material out until 11:50. In the second place, and much more importantly, "Arsenic and Old Lace" kept consistently in a mad world into which real life was not permitted to intrude, much less to bring with it values capable of clashing with those of the fantasy. Mr. Trumbo's undertaker seems, on the other hand, to be functioning in a real town; he has a real daughter over whose welfare he is sentimentally concerned; and sane people come from time to time through his door. He is not, like those two famous Brooklyn amateurs of murder, a faery creature but merely a man who has got

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drunk and who engages in a body-snatching enterprise not likely to seem very funny to anyone who has not had as many drinks as he has.

The fact that the play is not pure fantasy must have been evident enough to all those concerned, and I am driven back upon the assumption that they considered this fact a virtue and justified the play to themselves on the basis of certain rather vague, inconclusive hints of social criticism which are inserted here and there in the form of what seem to be afterthoughts. There is some uncertain reference to the fact that the undertaker—normally a simple, honest man—is merely imitating the buccaneering methods of his "subject" and that what is all right in big business is all wrong in small. But there is also a good deal of jocose talk about slick deals; the honest undertaker does diddle his competitor in the end, and one is left not quite sure whether the whole is intended to be satiric or cynical. To make things even more confusing, there were moments when what seemed about to emerge was a "Comes the revolution, and even the undertakers, released from the profit motive, will be servants of the state."

Thomas Mitchell does his hopeless best to make something of his part, and Walter Abel gives an engaging straight performance of the undertaker's bibulous doctor friend. Nevertheless, "The Biggest Thief in Town" could not possibly be a success unless it were made either a good deal less or a good deal more morbid than it is.

Art

CLEMENT GREENBERG

PRETTINESS has been the besetting sin of English pictorial art—some Englishmen say since Anglo-Saxon times. To my knowledge, Ben Nicholson is the first English artist to have put it to a truly virtuous use and to have detached it from the picturesque; and this he has done by imprisoning his native aptitude for the pretty in a canon of abstract forms that derives largely from Mondrian and—in so far as it permits only hair-thin lines—is even narrower. Working exclusively, until recent years, with ruled and horizontally based rectangles and exactly plotted circles, Nicholson has subjected himself to a discipline whose penalty for error is so severe that the artist can leave absolutely nothing to chance, and therefore the discipline exerts a pressure calculated to extract from prettiness only its positive values. We have but to look at Nicholson's pictures to discover that prettiness actually does have these. And we also discover that Nicholson, for all his anemia and repetitiousness, is one of the best, albeit minor, painters alive at the moment. His first American show, at Durlacher Brothers (through April 23), reveals this to our startled eyes. I had admired single paintings of his before, but I must say that I did not expect such consistency of success in a relatively large number of works. There are twenty-eight items in the exhibition, which covers the artist's career from 1932 to the spring of last year. (Nicholson is, I believe, in his forties.)

It is true that this painter tends to academicize his art somewhat by confining it within a style established in its essentials by other artists, and by subjecting it to the primacy of taste—taste over strength, taste over boldness, richness, originality. Here he is not unlike other contemporary British artists and, especially, the sculptor Henry Moore. But he is different from them in that his work has freshness and that the felicity of his taste is so intense and is applied to a mode so difficult that it becomes practically equivalent to originality. And all this without a trace of that inappropriate pretentiousness which mars the products of Moore's equally tasteful hand. Nicholson has a sense of placement and of space-division and shows a tact in the use of color—which he applies in thin and pure tints taken from the lighter end of the chromatic scale—that would deserve to be called much more than taste were these capacities accompanied by greater inventiveness. Even so, he is more enterprising than he might seem. Many of his paintings, those in monochrome particularly, are actually painted reliefs in wood, in which planes are raised and lowered as physical facts, not as illusions. The suggestion to be taken from some of Picasso's and Arp's early work, that painting in the twentieth century strives toward the condition of sculpture, has not been lost on Nicholson. And the success and vitality of his bas-reliefs demonstrate that he plays some real part in the adventure of contemporary art.

One could go into the reservations that would have to be made in any large and conclusive estimate of Nicholson's painting—and they would be very definite—but at the present moment I think it rather unnecessary. Let us make the most for the time being of our discovery of him in this country—and let us hope that his partial return to nature in the last four or five years will not continue to thwart his talent as it now does.

Judging superficially, one is liable to say that everything Larry Rivers displayed in his first show at the Jane Street Gallery is taken from Bonnard. There is the same niggling, broken touch, the same conception of the illusion of three-dimensional space, the

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same color often, a similar approach to composition, similar subjects. The similarity is real and conscious, but it accounts really for little in the superb end-effect of Rivers's painting, which has a plenitude and sensuousness all its own. Rivers is a better designer than colorist—or rather, more obviously a designer than a colorist; for his color does everything he asks it to within the relatively narrow range he sets for it; and part of the artist's originality comes from the way in which he accommodates earth tones, ochers, umbers, etc., to the brushstroke and flat design of full-color impressionism. Eventually Rivers may acquire a lusciousness of color and surface more traditionally appropriate to the vein he paints in, but I for one would rather see this amazing beginner remain with his present approach and exploit further a native force that is already quite apparent in his art. That force, so unlike anything in late impressionism, he owes entirely to himself, and it has already made him a better composer of pictures than was Bonnard himself in many instances.

Records

B. H. HAGGIN

N. B. C., broadcasting a half-hour of the Boston Symphony's Monday rehearsal, cannot merely have the announcer introduce the program and then let the self-explanatory work of conductor and orchestra speak for itself. American radio practice requires that there be an Important Voice to lend the program importance—the voice of a "dean of American music critics"—the voice of Olin Downes, and of course not just the voice but the mind and the ideas that one has been encountering all these years with the music that has been broadcast, and that one has been snapping off the radio to escape hearing. This time there is no escape: there being no intermission, the voice and ideas are spread over the playing of the orchestra. And as it works out, the orchestra plays to provide occasions for Mr. Downes to break in and blanket its playing with the teachings he considers more important for radio listeners to hear: "You have heard how Koussevitzky sings to the musicians. Great conductors all know this fundamental secret of music —that music originated with song"; or "Mr. Stravinsky loves [Tchaikovsky's Second] Symphony because he finds it so fresh, so truly Tchaikovsky; and as far as I am concerned, and I think you too, I entirely agree with him, and I think you will agree, as he proceeds to rehearse this music with a special devotion, that we do find here, in this early Tchaikovsky symphony, the unmistakable voice, the basic qualities of instrumentation and themes, and the inherent nationalism of the composer of the Pathetic Symphony."

Radio practice also has been followed with the Columbia recording "I Can Hear It Now" (MM-800, $6.30; ML-4095, $4.85), which reproduces the voices of famous personages—Roosevelt, Churchill, the Duke of Windsor, Hitler, Chamberlain, Stalin, Mussolini, among others—in fragments of their historic utterances during the years 1932 to 1945. For the most part they speak for themselves, often in a way that wrings one's heart and deprives one of speech; and they need no more introduction than proper humility and good manners would allow—the briefest, simplest, quietest ticking off, by someone like Elmer Davis or Charles Collingwood. Instead of which they come with a running commentary by the most pompous and the hammiest of the radio news commentators, Edward R. Murrow. From Murrow's "THIS—is LONDON!" during the war, and the continuing tone of dramatic tenseness and urgency of his reports, one got the impression that he thought the magnitude of the events he was reporting could be conveyed only through the magnitude of the thoughts and emotions they had aroused in him. And he seems to have the same idea about an English king saying: "At long last I am able to say a few words of my own," or Churchill saying: "I speak to you for the first time as Prime Minister," and the other utterances reproduced by the records. As it works out, in fact, the few sentences of a Roosevelt or a Churchill, in the volume, provide occasions for the dramatizing, editorializing, moralizing comment in which Murrow is heard from beginning to end of the ten sides of an album that should be called "You Can Hear Me Now."

Murrow stopped broadcasting for a while; and when he resumed I heard a few broadcasts which began: "THIS—is the NEWS!" and continued with "And this is one man's opinion of the news." Suddenly, one evening, there was "THIS—is LONDON!" again, and Murrow introducing Lord Woolton as England's war-time Food Minister and present chairman of the Conservative Party for an interview in which his lordship, led by Murrow's sympathetic questioning, professed to be compelled to speak out at last against the socialism which was giving the English people less to eat than he had been able to give them even in war time. I was amazed when Murrow let this unscrupulous political attack pass without reminding his lordship that the food he had been able to provide in war time had been made possible by American lend-lease. Thinking that he might intend to let the Labor Government's Food Minister reply in a separate broadcast, I tuned in the program next night; but there was no such row. So Murrow is one of the things I don't want to hear now.

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Letters to the Editors

Insight and Indignation

Dear Sirs: On rare occasions there appears in *The Nation* an article which by its impact of militant truth and sincerity makes the subscription price seem small indeed. Such an article was The Great Debate by Thomas Sancton (in your issue of March 26), with its darts of insight hitting here and there and always true to the mark. . . . When Sancton wrote, he certainly was not thinking of playing his own politics but was speaking from a deep moral indignation. As long as there is a chance of discovering a gem like that, I shall continue to read *The Nation.*

MRS. ALBERT T. FARNHAM

Mound, Minn., March 30

The People vs. the Minority

Dear Sirs: I have listened to and commented on the utterances of two generations of politicians on Capitol Hill. I have read *The Nation* for the same long period. In all that time I do not remember a story told in all its proportions better than Thomas Sancton's article, The Great Debate.

The rule of the minority on Capitol Hill is nothing new. It began with the first Congress, and those who fashioned the Constitution intended that minority rule should prevail. They said so, and they ought to know much better than all the commentators on the Constitution. The late Woodrow Wilson, as a historian, before he entered politics, wrote in "Division and Reunion" a paragraph the truth of which has never been denied. "The federal government," he declared, "was not by intention a democratic government. In plan and structure it had been meant to check the sweep and power of popular majorities . . . . The government had, in fact, been originated and organized upon the initiative and primarily in the interests of the mercantile and wealthy classes. Originally conceived as an effort to accommodate commercial disputes between the states, it had been urged to adoption by a minority, under the concerted and aggressive leadership of able men representing a ruling class." The scene which Mr. Sancton pictured in the present Senate was possible only because a minority of Republicans and Democrats did just what the Constitution intended should be done by a minority protecting its own interests against a majority.

The generation of politicians which has made its exit from the stage did have a few statesmen treading the boards. Until now this generation records even fewer in its cast. What interests this ancient, at over four score years, however, is what has happened to the chorus—the people. Has it changed?

I believe it has. I don't think it can be fooled, ruled, robbed as easily as a generation ago, and I believe that this is true in spite of a press more pliant in the service of reaction than formerly. It is true that Hamilton, the patron saint of the Republican Party, warned us against a "real disease, which is democracy." And John Adams told us, "There never was a democracy that did not commit suicide." I think that the principle of the common good, which is but another name for democracy, will be articulated into action by a majority of the people, and will prove both Hamilton and John Adams to have been wrong.

CHARLES W. ERVIN

Bronxville, N. Y., March 30

Errors and Corrections

Dear Sirs: In Carey McWilliams's article, The Test of a Teacher, in your issue of March 5, there are five sentences concerning my dismissal from the University of Washington, and each of them is false. I have high regard for Mr. McWilliams as a writer and scholar, and I am hard put to explain these gross mistakes. There are three important corrections to be made:

1. Mr. McWilliams states that I neither admitted nor denied membership in the Communist Party. This is untrue. I flatly denied membership, and the university's faculty committee on tenure and academic freedom agreed that the charge was unproved by the administration's witnesses.

2. Mr. McWilliams asserts that the entire committee recommended that I be dismissed. This is untrue. Four of the eleven members of the committee found no basis for action against me; the remaining seven could not agree upon their report and expressed differing justifications in three different statements.

3. Mr. McWilliams states that my dismissal is entirely subsidiary to the main

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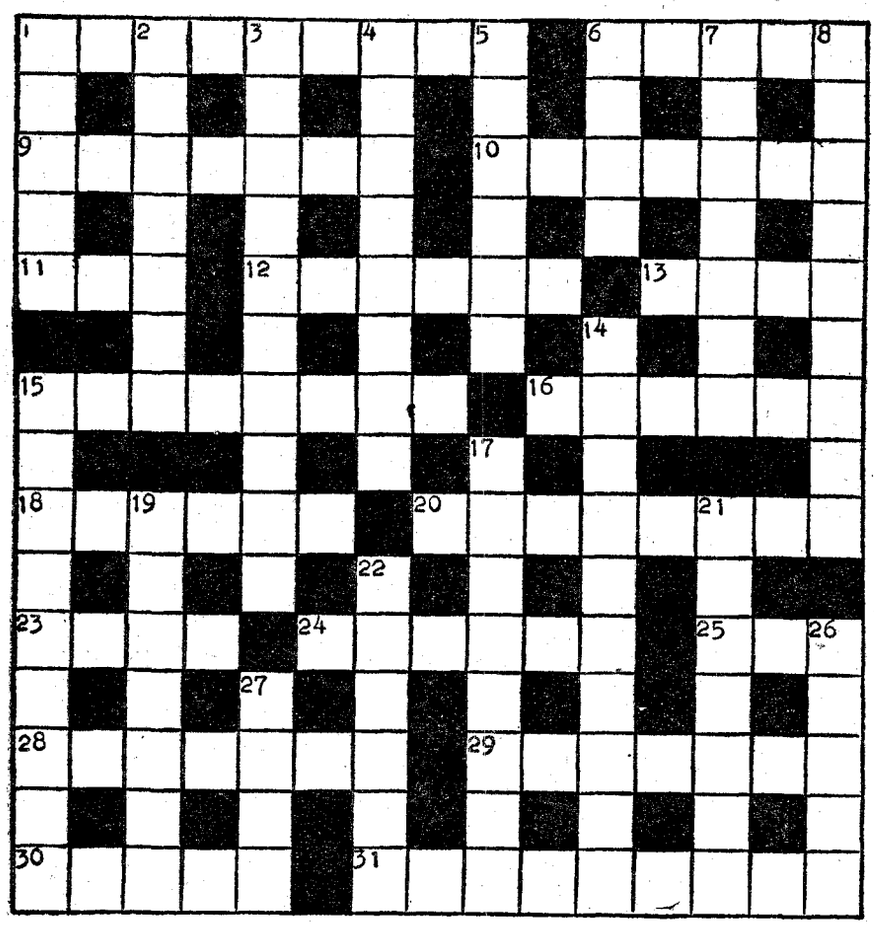
Crossword Puzzle No. 309

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Opium den? (4-5)
6 An incorrect nod for J. O'Shea, for example? (5)
9 Fairy head-piece? (7)
10 Merit in the mean-time. (7)
11 He's very long-haired, for a backward "college" professor. (3)
12 Victor Herbert's were sweet. (6)
13 Poverty of desire. (4)
15 Father's efforts result in culinary accomplishments. (8)
16 Give up for conceit? (6)
18 Switch from the palm—it's not exactly mouse-color! (6)
20 They're necessarily superficial, but look like swell pilots. (8)
23 The rainbow. (4)
24 See 5.
25 Where one might dwell briefly, but to the point. (3)
28 Daddies seldom get so wrapped up! (7)
29 Scipio's was Africanus. (7)
30 See 3.
31 Applications for stuffy jobs? (9)

DOWN

1 On the list of seeds, this tops the roll. (5)
2 One of these might be 9. (7)
3 and 30. Pandit. (10, 5)
4 A stinger for thankless people. (8)
5, 24, 6 down. Does a singer hold it half-a-minute? (6-6, 4)
7 Madness at the bench might form a barrier. (7)
8 Offensively self-assertive. (9)
14 Find no cats here, but they can keep a secret. (10)
15 I. M. M. -- in person! (9)
17 Change a feud to a trial declaration. (8) (hyphenated)
19 The chief advances in this. (7)
21 Keats referred to this man's Homer. (He's a good fielder, too!) (7)
22 Ate, in a rather sloppy fashion, no doubt. (6)
26 Mixed units in a French protectorate. (5)
27 Sayao, for example. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 308

ACROSS:—1 CARRY NATION; 9 STOCKING; 10 ANDREW; 11 CAREENS; 12 ASTRIDE; 14 STAYED; 15 OHMMETER; 17 SWEEPING; 20 ALLIED; 24 PLAGUED; 26 RETINA; 27 COGITATE; 28 NEEDLEPOINT.

DOWN:—2 ARCHETYPE; 3 RESIGNED; 4 NAGS; 5 TRANSOM; 6 ORDER; 7 STRAIT; 8 MEDDLE; 13 and 22 LODGE BROTHER; 16 ENLIGHTEN; 18 WARDEN; 19 ICELAND; 20 ALLEGRO; 21 EVENTS; 23 TRIBE; 25 ACRE.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis's "ground rules." Address requests to Puzzle Dept., The Nation, 20 Vesey Street, New York 7, New York

issue, and so he omitted discussing it for reasons of space. Later he writes: "It is apparent that the next major case will involve faculty members who, although admittedly not members of the Communist Party, will be charged with holding beliefs substantially similar to those of Communists." Mr. McWilliams did not have to gaze into the bush looking for two birds when he had admitted Communists in one hand and myself in the other.

President Allen's recommendation to the Regents states, "Indeed, Gundlach joined, sponsored, and took part in many 'front' organizations, all of them listed as subversive by the Attorney General of the United States. He devoted more time to these 'fronts' than did all the other respondents combined . . . . Entirely aside from whether he pays dues and carries a card, Gundlach has done more for the party than any other respondent."

My activities and associations most prominently mentioned before the tenure committee included these: organization of and work in various committees raising funds for medical aid to Loyalist Spain and providing relief for Spanish Republican refugees; activity in the Teachers Union; helping to organize and teaching at a labor school; sponsoring Hewlitt Johnson, Dean of Canterbury, in a public meeting; conducting some socially oriented research work held to be "forensic and not scientific," including research in race relations, prejudice, election campaigns, propaganda, and labor-management relations; acting as an adviser for Consumers Union; supporting DeLacey for Congress in 1946; joining the I. C. C. A. S. P. and the Progressive Party; taking a stand on civil-liberties issues; sponsoring conferences on controversial public

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issues and on citizenship rights for aliens (including Bridges and Schneiderman).

Some members of the tenure committee, the president, and the Board of Regents looked upon such activities as "communistic." They conclude that the *number* of items I have engaged in makes me, really, "a more effective agent for communism than the respondents who admit Communist Party membership." But the dismissal at the university of two present members of the Communist Party and one non-Communist, and the probationing of three other persons—and, by the same token, of the rest of the faculty and the student body—is certainly not just attacking "communism." It is a great mistake to think that that is the issue.

RALPH H. GUNDLACH

Northampton, Mass., March 10

The Real Issue

Dear Sirs: My article was based upon newspaper reports of the findings of the faculty committee; the full record of the tenure cases, set forth in a document entitled "Communism and Academic Freedom," was only published by the University of Washington after the appearance of my article. I wish, however, to offer my apologies to Dr. Gundlach for having stated that the entire committee had recommended his removal from the faculty when, as I learn from the full record, seven recommended dismissal and four did not. I also learn from the full record that Dr. Gundlach did deny before the committee that he was a member of the Communist Party; my assertion to the contrary was based upon newspaper statements. I do not quote these statements because I do not want to be accused of giving further currency to them; but they indicate, clearly enough, the source of the confusion.

I stated at a public meeting in Seattle, with Dr. Gundlach on the platform, that it was my conviction that his dismissal was no more warranted than the dismissal of Phillips and Butterworth or the placing of Eby, Ethel, and Jacobs on probation. As to the issue of "communism," I did not define the issue in this manner; it was so defined by President Raymond B. Allen and the Regents. It was this issue, however, that *The Nation* asked me to discuss. I submit that the article clearly indicates what I think the real issue is in these cases.

CAREY MCWILLIAMS

Los Angeles, Cal., March 20

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